



OLD ROUGH AND
READY SERIES

THE
SWAMP
FOX



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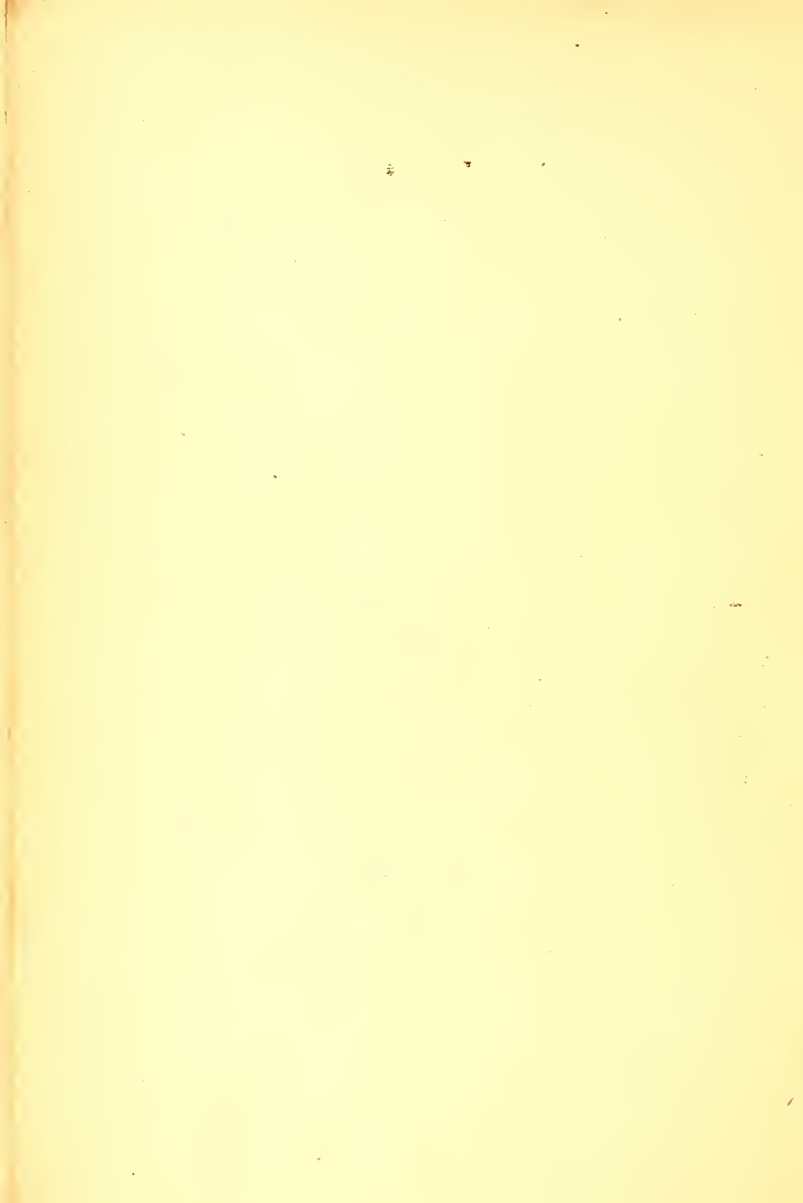
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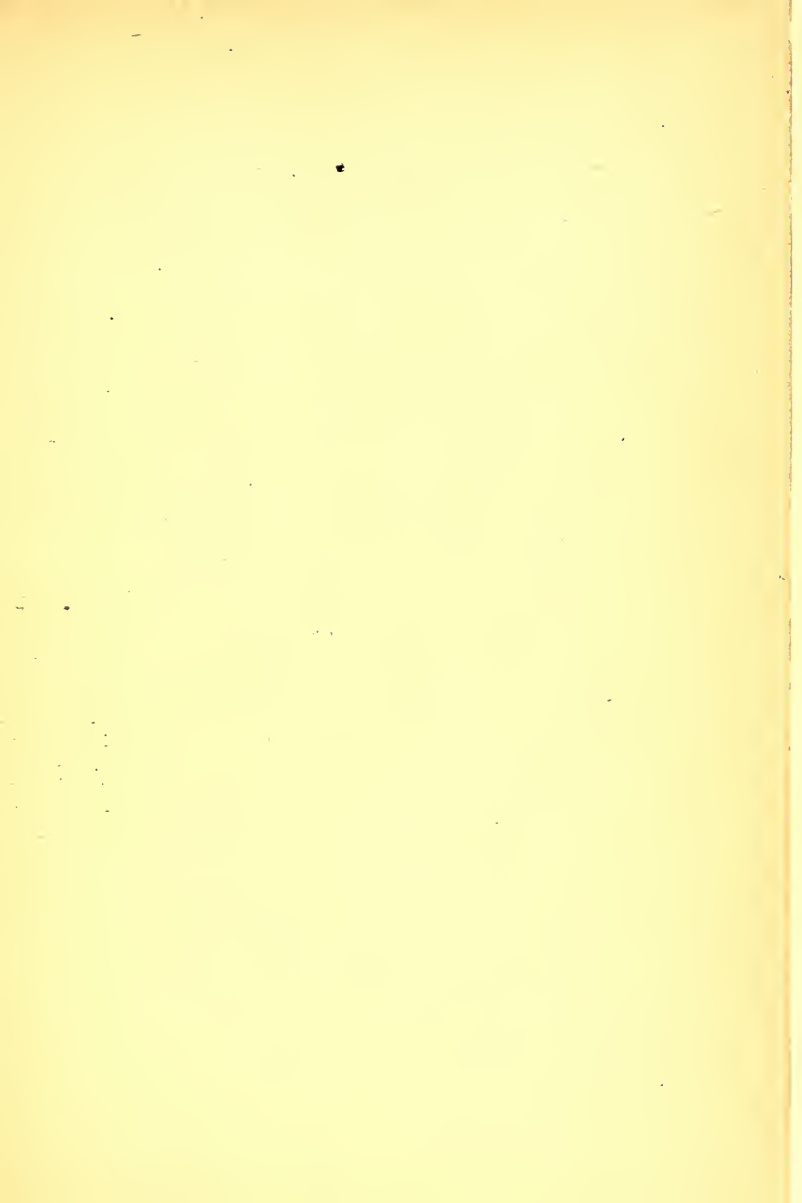
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OLD ROUGH AND READY SERIES.

1. *OLD ROUGH AND READY.*
YOUNG FOLKS' LIFE OF GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR.
2. *OLD HICKORY.*
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5. *THE SWAMP FOX.*
YOUNG FOLKS' LIFE OF GEN. FRANCIS MARION.
6. *THE LITTLE CORPORAL.*
YOUNG FOLKS' LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

LEE AND SHEPARD, Publishers,
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SERJEANT JASPER. Page 35.

FRONT.

OLD ROUGH AND READY SERIES

THE SWAMP FOX

YOUNG FOLKS' LIFE

OF

GEN. FRANCIS MARION

By JOHN FROST

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
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1887

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OLD ROUGH AND READY SERIES.

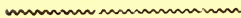
PREFACE.

AT Belle-Isle, St. Stephen's Parish, South Carolina, is a marble slab, bearing the inscription:—
“Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-General Francis Marion,—who departed this life on the 27th of February, 1795, in the sixty-third year of his age, deeply regretted by all his fellow-citizens. History will record his worth, and rising generations embalm his memory, as one of the most distinguished patriots and heroes of the American Revolution—which elevated his native country to Honour and Independence, and secured to her the blessings of Liberty and Peace. This tribute of veneration and gratitude is erected in commemoration of the noble and disinterested virtues of the citizen, and the gallant exploits of the soldier who lived without fear, and died without reproach.”

This volume is presented as an humble echo to the labours of those who would keep the memory

of such men green among the people. While more elaborate and particular biographies appeal to the men, this book is addressed to the youth of the country which Marion fought to deliver. The principal and most interesting events in his life, and such incidents as tend best to illustrate his noble and daring character, are preserved. The writer will feel more than rewarded if his unambitious work shall lead the attention of those who are coming forward to fill men's places to such examples as will make them worthy to be the heirs of the self-denying and patriotic men of our American Revolution.

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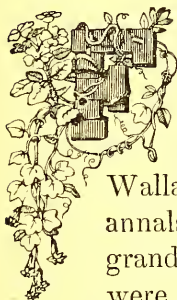
LIFE

OF

FRANCIS MARION.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage and Birth of Francis Marion—His Voyage to the West Indies—Its unfortunate termination—Sufferings and narrow escape of the Young Sailor—He turns Farmer—Indian Troubles—Marion volunteers—Indignity to the Indian Chiefs—Death of Col. Colymore—The Hostages killed in retaliation—The second Indian Campaign—The third Campaign—Massacre of the Garrison at Fort Loudon—Battle of Etchoee—Gallant conduct of Lieut. Marion—Interesting Letter, written by Marion.



FRANCIS MARION, whose name is as intimately connected with the romance and adventure of the American Revolution, as that of Bruce or of Wallace with the marvels of the Scottish annals, was of French extraction. His grandfather was one of the emigrants who were driven from France by the policy toward the Protestants, or Huguenots, which marked the reign of Louis XIV. ; so different from the tolerance of Henry IV. The date of the arrival of the

Marion family in this country is fixed about the year 1690. The subject of our narrative was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, in 1732; the same year, our attentive readers will note, in which George Washington was born. He is stated to have been the youngest of six children, five boys and a girl; and his eccentric biographer, M. L. Weems, says of him, that in infancy he was a very puny little mortal indeed; and that this delicate and insignificant appearance continued until he reached his twelfth year.

In that year, either the lad's own love of adventure, or the desire of his parents that he should try change of scene for the improvement of his health, or both causes combined, led to his attempting a trip to the West Indies. The name of the vessel in which he made this voyage is lost, as are also all the incidents of the adventure, except its unfortunate termination. At the time when the facts about this voyage could have been collected and preserved, nobody supposed that events in the life of Francis Marion would ever be of any interest, except to his immediate friends. But the course he pursued in private life, and his conduct in his personal concerns, and in his social relations, were such as fitted him for the eminent part he was afterward destined to take in the affairs of his country; and this is a

lesson to all our young readers never to neglect their advantages, or slight their opportunities for improvement. There is no one of our young readers, male or female, who is not quite as likely to be called upon to act an important part as Francis Marion was; and as the good book tells us that he who is faithful in little, is faithful also in much, we should always adopt as a motto, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

“Going to sea” was, in 1740, a very different thing from what it now is. There were dangers, adventures, and interesting circumstances connected with it, which, in these days, are scarcely known. Navigation was more difficult, and less understood; the sea was infested with pirates, and different countries were so little known, that he who had *seen* was supposed to *know*; and the sailor of one short voyage was a personage of more consequence than the veteran navigator is now considered. These temptations were quite enough to make young Francis desire very much the opportunity to try his fortune. Some accounts say that his mother did not at all favour the project; and this we can the more readily believe, since mothers are proverbial for opposing the “truant disposition” in children; and the experience of many men will lead them to acknowledge

that these kind though sometimes too timid advisers are usually not very far wrong.

Master Francis, at any rate, discovered that going to sea is not always a recreation. Some accident occurred to the vessel in which he was, which caused her to "founder," as the sailors term it; which means, to leak so badly as to become unmanageable, and at length to sink. It is said that the schooner was struck by a large fish, probably a whale, with such violence as to start a plank. The water rushed in so rapidly at the leak thus made, that the crew took refuge in the boat, after trying by the pumps, in vain, to keep their vessel afloat. They had hardly abandoned her before she went down; and that so suddenly that no opportunity remained to secure any water, or any provisions.

In this terrible condition, with no other sustenance than the body of a little dog, which they sacrificed to their hunger, they drifted about on the ocean. On the sixth or seventh day, or perhaps later, little Marion was taken out of the boat by a passing vessel—so far exhausted that he could not move a limb. Whether any of his companions survived is not certainly known; but as it is often the case that the young, and apparently feeble, survive where their elders perish, it is not at all improbable that Francis, the weak and delicate child, was the

only person of the crew who was taken from the boat alive. The utmost care and tenderness was necessary on the part of his deliverers to fan and preserve the bare spark of life; and under the care of the sailors, who, proverbially humane, are at such times excellent nurses, his life was saved.

Having thus undergone the utmost intensity of suffering which he could endure, his mother found little trouble in inducing him to forego all farther attempts to become a sailor; if, indeed, he did not relinquish the pursuit of his own accord, after experience of its hardships. For the next twelve or fourteen years he was content with the tranquil life of a planter, though when the occasion and opportunity for more active life presented, he was not backward in improving them. We have no record of his life during the period that he spent with his mother and brothers, from the time of his shipwreck till his 27th year, when the Cherokee war broke out; and can only conjecture that it was passed in the pursuits and amusements usual to the planters of that period. Tradition says that he was fond of his gun and fishing-rod, and uniformly kind to his dependants; and the history of his life shows that he neglected no means of improvement which his situation afforded. A letter, preserved by Weems, which we shall presently quote, does honour no less to his heart

than to his head ; and goes, with the acts of his life, to show that war, with him, was not pursued for love of its sanguinary and cruel features.

Marion first appeared as a warrior in the Indian campaigns of 1759 and 1761. Inattention to the peculiar habits of the Indians, disregard of their feelings and prejudices, and a want of consideration for their peculiar pride, and their method of conducting intercourse with the whites, had caused a disaffection ; and a disaffection once existing, small differences led to greater, and the colonists found themselves involved in an Indian war. It is not necessary for us to go into an examination of the particular causes of this difficulty. The general reasons which we have stated, and which will apply to nearly all the wars between the Indians and the colonists, will suffice. Nor is it just for us, with the results of their measures before us, to sit in judgment on the colonists. We cannot help admitting the *consequences* of what they did into our calculation of their conduct ; but these consequences were the very things they could not know, when they were called upon to act. The history of the Indian relations of the colonists leaves Americans quite as much to deplore as to be proud of ; for while we celebrate the fortitude of the founders of the republic — women as well as men — we must lament

the narrowness of policy, to use no harsher term, which too often caused the disasters which called the courage of the settlers into exercise.

Francis Marion was a volunteer in a troop of cavalry commanded by his brother, at the commencement of the Cherokee war, in 1759. In this campaign, however, nothing occurred which gave our hero any opportunity to distinguish himself. The savages were intimidated by the preparations which the Carolinians had made, and sent a deputation to Charleston to compromise matters with the whites. Gov. Lyttleton seized these Indian commissioners as hostages, and proceeded with them to the Indian country; subjecting them to the keen indignity of keeping them under a guard of soldiers, and in this way conducted them to the frontiers. As they were chiefs, and belonged to the best families among the Cherokees, this humiliation wounded the pride of the whole people. When the governor reached the frontiers, he would listen to overtures for peace only on one condition. That was that the Indians should give him twenty-four men, to be disposed of as he might think proper, retained as prisoners, or put to death in retaliation for the same number of whites, who had been killed by the Indians in border forays.

Upon such conditions the treaty was concluded

after much hesitation on the part of the Indians; but no sooner had the nation heard what their chiefs had done, than all the young men, who feared that they might be surrendered in compliance with the terms of the treaty, made their escape; and Gov Lyttleton detained twenty-two of the hostages whom he had already wrongfully kept to make up the number of men who had been promised him by the treaty.

Such a peace could lead only to war. The twenty-four hostages were placed for safe-keeping in a frontier fort; and this fort was attempted by the savages, almost before the Governor had disbanded his forces. By a stratagem, the commander of the station, Col Colymore, was killed, and two of his lieutenants were wounded. These officers had imprudently granted the Indians an interview, the whites standing upon one bank of a river, and the Indians upon the other; but the conversation had scarce commenced, when, at a signal from the Indian chief, a party of savages suddenly made their appearance, and fired upon the whites, with the result that we have already stated. In the fort, as the officer in command naturally supposed that this was but the signal for a general attack, orders were given to put the hostages in irons, lest they should rise and assist the enemy without. The Indians re-

isted, and stabbed three of the soldiers; and the soldiers, already infuriated by the murder of their commander, fell upon the Indian hostages and put every one of them to death.

Now, of course, all hope of peace or accommodation was at an end. The Indians rose in all directions, and banded together with purposes of furious vengeance. The danger of the colony was most imminent. The savages rushed in upon the frontiers, butchering men, women, and children. The small-pox raged in Charleston to such a degree that most of the male inhabitants were both unable and unwilling to leave their homes to go to the defence of their friends in the back settlements. But North Carolina and Virginia lent assistance, and a battalion and four companies of regular troops were sent forward from Canada to the assistance of the distressed Carolinians. The country gentlemen of the colony rallied also, and it is said with every appearance of probability that Marion was among the number. No particulars have been handed down of his conduct in this campaign; and it is therefore unnecessary for us to dwell upon it. It will be sufficient to say that it ended in a great battle, which was far from being decisive in its consequences, though the colonists were the victors. Several Indian towns were burned, though few of the savages

were killed or made prisoners; and the Indians were rather exasperated than humbled.

In 1761 the Indians early commenced warlike operations; and reducing the frontier garrison of Fort Loudon, on the Tennessee, they took there a fearful revenge for the death of the Indian hostages who had been killed by the colonists at Prince George. Notwithstanding the formal surrender of the garrison at Fort Loudon, by which their lives were assured, the Indian conquerors massacred them every one. This deed removed still further every hope of reconciliation; and the Indians were also operated upon by French emissaries, and supplied with arms by the same nation. The Carolinians lost no time in taking vigorous measures to conduct a war which had now assumed the appearance of more danger than any which had before threatened the colony.

In this campaign, beside the regular troops and the companies from sister colonies, a regiment of twelve hundred Carolinians was mustered into the service. In this regiment Marion was a lieutenant, and among other names of officers distinguished afterwards in the war of the revolution, we find Moultrie, Laurens, Pickens, and Huger. The command of the native regiment was held by Col. Middleton, and that of the whole force devolved upon

Col. James Grant. Beside the colonists and regulars, there were a body of friendly Indians in the little army, making its whole number twenty-six hundred.

With this force, in June, Col. Grant penetrated the Indian country. Nothing occurred to interfere with his progress, until he reached the point near the Indian town of Etchoee, where the great battle of the preceding campaign had been fought. At this place was the principal, perhaps the only practicable entrance into the Cherokee country, and here the Indians had mustered all their strength, to make a desperate stand. It was necessary to force a narrow and dark defile, which a few determined men could long defend against a large force. Lieut. Marion was sent forward with a party of thirty men to explore this dangerous pass; and at the first fire of the Indians, twenty-one of his command were killed. In this perilous but honourable service he justified the high opinion which had been entertained of his courage and skill; and narrowly escaped with the life which was reserved for those important services to his country which fill so bright a page in her history.

The coming up of the advance guard of the army preserved the remains of Marion's little band; and the action now became general. The Cherokees

contended with great valour and resolution; and with so much skill that the impression prevailed that they were officered, in part at least, by Frenchmen. The native Carolinian regiment, whose arms were rifles, and whose system of warfare was better adapted for bush-fighting than the discipline of the regulars, did terrible execution; while the English bayonets were most effectual in dislodging the Indians wherever a party made a stand. After a long-contested, and sanguinary engagement, the Indians gave way in despair. The town of Etchoee, abandoned by the inhabitants, was reduced to ashes; and the English commander followed up the work by the destruction of fourteen other villages, and the burning of granaries, and all the standing corn. Marion deeply compassionated the sufferers by the devastations of the campaign; and it was upon this occasion that he wrote the letter to which we have alluded, and from which we make the following extract:

“ We arrived at the Indian towns in the month of July. As the lands were rich, and the season had been favourable, the corn was bending under the double weight of lusty roasting ears, and pods of clustering beans. The furrows seemed to rejoice under their precious loads—the fields stood thick with bread. We encamped the first night in the

woods, near the fields, where the whole army feasted on the young corn, which, with fat venison, made a most delicious treat.

“The next morning we proceeded, by order of Colonel Grant, to burn the Indian cabins. Some of our men seemed to enjoy this cruel work, laughing very heartily at the curling flames, as they mounted, loud-crackling, over the tops of the huts. But to me it appeared a shocking sight. ‘Poor creatures!’ thought I, ‘we surely need not grudge you such miserable habitations!’ But when we came, *according to orders*, to cut down whole fields of corn, I could scarcely refrain from tears. For who could see the stalks that stood so stately, with broad green leaves, and gaily tasselled shocks, filled with sweet milky fluid, and flour, the staff of life—who, I say, without grief, could see these sacred plants sinking under our swords, with all their precious load, to wither and die, untasted in their morning fields!

“I saw everywhere around the footsteps of the little Indian children, where they had lately played under the shelter of the rustling corn. No doubt they had often looked up with joy to the swelling shocks, and gladdened when they thought of their abundant cakes for the coming winter. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and, peeping

through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and happy fields, where they had so often played. 'Who did this?' they will ask their mothers. 'The white people did it,' the mothers reply, 'the Christians did it.'"

In this manner, Marion states, the army destroyed thousands of corn-fields. The Indians sued for peace, and the terrible ravages which the whites had inflicted secured their submission. The letter which we have inserted does the character of Marion more honour than a volume of military despatches could do; and leads us to think that the object could have been obtained without this cruelty. However, as we have already remarked, we do not wish to undertake to decide upon the conduct of men in particular emergencies, into whose difficulties of position we cannot fully enter.

CHAPTER II.

Marion elected to the Provincial Congress — The Act of Association — Destruction of Tea and Stamped Paper — News of the Battle of Lexington — Measures of the Provincial Congress — Character of the Southern Warfare — Commissions of Marion and Horry — Their difficulties in raising Money, and ease in enlisting Men — Mischiefs of Intemperance — Marion's Rebuke to the Young Officer — His excellence as a Disciplinarian — His Promotion to a Majority — The Defence of Fort Sullivan — British Loss — Loss of the Carolinians — Anecdotes of the Battle — Gallant conduct of Serjeant Jasper — Marion's Shot — Compliments to Serjeant Jasper.



OR the next fourteen years we hear nothing of the life of Marion, except that he was quietly engaged in the pursuit of the ordinary occupations of a planter. His reputation among his fellow citizens may be judged by what his friend, General Horry, says of him.

“Though he was neither handsome nor witty, nor wealthy, he was universally beloved. The fairness of his character — his fondness to his relations — his humanity to his slaves — and his bravery in the Indian war, — had made him the darling of the country.” Both he and his brother

Job were elected to the Provincial Congress which assembled in 1775, to take into consideration the posture of the colony toward the mother country. This body adopted the American Bill of Rights, as set forth by the Continental Congress; established committees of safety, and took other steps, committing the colony to resistance against the encroachments of the mother country. And while these official and formal proceedings were going forward, the presence of the representatives in Charleston was marked by other acts not of so open a character. The royal armories in and near Charleston were broken open, and their contents were removed, tea and stamped paper were forcibly seized and destroyed; and other energetic steps, which the complexion of the times warranted, were taken to forward the great cause in which the patriots of South Carolina embarked. These transactions were not of a nature to permit the actors in them to be known; but we can hardly doubt that our impulsive and ardent hero performed his part.

After taking the initial steps to prepare for whatever measures events might render necessary, the Provincial Congress adjourned, to re-assemble on the 20th of June. But the news of the battle of Lexington, received by express through the Committees of Safety at the north, caused the Provincial

Congress of South Carolina to be called together on the 1st of June. One of the first transactions of the Congress was to pass an Act of Association, binding the subscribers to union under every tie of religion and honor for the defence of their injured country, and engaging them to the sacrifice of life and fortune to secure her freedom and safety. The instrument also declared those unfriendly to the liberties of the colonies who should refuse to subscribe their names to it.

It is proper here to remind the young reader that the proportion of friends to the royal government was much greater in the Southern colonies than at the North. The reason for this was found in the fact that at the South there was really less personal reason for resistance to the power of the crown than in New England. The dispute and resistance originated in New England. The points in question affected the Northern colonies much more than they did the Southern; and the Southern colonies, South Carolina in particular, had received much more aid and benefit from the mother country than the Northern colonies did. Those who, in the South, espoused the cause of freedom, therefore, did it from sympathy with their fellow colonists, and from a respect for the great principles involved more than from any direct and present interest in

the quarrel. In such a state of things it is not remarkable that the proportion of loyalists should be greater in the Southern colonies than in the North. While we accord the credit of the highest patriotism to the Southern Whigs, the time is past when the Southern Tories, or loyalists, could be spoken of only with opprobrium. We can, indeed, now afford to be magnanimous, and to allow to the loyalists, as well as the patriots, the plea of acting from principle, and of being guided by motives which seemed to them good and sufficient.

But the existence of a formidable loyal interest in the South gave the war there a far more sanguinary character than at the North. Friend was arrayed against friend,—brother against brother,—child against parent, and parent against child.

There is no hate like love to hatred turned ;

and we shall find, as we proceed in our narrative, many scenes at the recital of which the heart aches. War is always terrible in itself, however just the cause in which it is undertaken ; and there is no warfare more revolting than what is called a “civil war ;” that is to say, one in which members of the same state and brothers of the same family draw the sword upon each other. In this view, our Southern brethren had much more to endure than the people

of the North, who were united, almost to a man, against a foreign foe.

After the passage of the Act of Association, the Congress of South Carolina proceeded immediately to active measures for the prosecution of the system of resistance to which their measures had committed the colony. On the fourth day of their session they passed an act for raising three regiments, two of infantry, and one of horse, making in all about two thousand men. A million of money was voted for the exigencies of the army. Non-subscribers to the Act of Association were made amenable to the General Committee, and their punishment was left discretionary with that body. The militia of the colony were required to be on duty as if the country were in a state of actual warfare; and by these vigorous and decisive steps it was made impossible for any citizen to remain neutral, or uncommitted. After a session of about twenty days, the Congress adjourned, having conferred its powers on the General Committee and the Council of Safety.

Now commences the active part of Marion's revolutionary career. On the 21st of June he was commissioned as Captain in the second regiment, under Colonel William Moultrie, his captain in the Cherokee campaign. In the same regiment Captain P. Horry also received a captain's commission. To

this gentleman, himself a most efficient officer, an enthusiastic patriot, and a devoted friend of Marion's, we are indebted for most of the particulars of his life which have reached us. He furnished Mr. Weems with the particulars which that eccentric writer has preserved; and many other facts have reached us through Captain Horry's account of his own life, still unpublished, which Mr. Simms often refers to in his life of Marion.

Captain Horry's account of the raising of his own company and that of Marion is very amusing. Hardly were they commissioned when they applied themselves to the work. The first thing necessary was money. They applied for a portion of the million that had been appropriated, but the money had been *voted* only, and not *raised*, and in that quarter our captains could not get "a single dollar." So, on Marion's suggestion, the two friends determined to borrow the money to war against Great Britain on their own credit.

"Away went we," says Horry, "to borrow money of our friends in Charleston; I mean hard money. And hard money it was indeed. The gold and silver all appeared as if it had caught the instinct of water-witches, diving, at the first flash of war, to the bottom of the usurers' trunks and strong boxes. For two whole days, and with every effort we could

make, we collected but the pitiful sum of one hundred dollars! However, fully resolved that nothing should stop us, we got our regimentals the next morning from the tailor's, and having crammed our saddle-bags with some clean shirts, a stout luncheon of bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy, we mounted, and with hearts light as young lovers on a courting scheme, we dashed off to recruit our companies."

In a very short time the two captains filled up their complements of sixty men each. Both of them were well known in the tract which they selected for recruiting; and Marion, as we have already stated, was a great popular favourite. Among the munitions with which the two captains furnished their saddle-bags, the bottle of brandy will strike the present generation as a portion of the stores which might have been better omitted. At that day it was a common companion on all excursions of business and of pleasure, and though its mischiefs were by no means unperceived, nobody seemed to aim at the thorough and radical cure. The regiment in which Marion and Horry held their command lost two officers, a captain and a lieutenant before active service commenced, by the vice of intemperance. These were extreme cases, or they would not have been recorded. The indirect mis

chiefs and difficulties, which the use of intoxicating drinks has caused in all armies, form no small part of the miseries of war. It leads to disobedience and impatience under discipline; and is a companion and abettor in all unsoldierlike conduct, and all inhuman sport.

At the time of which we are writing, the barbarous amusement of cock-fighting was very common in Carolina and other places, whence it is now banished, by the common consent of all gentlemen. One of Marion's officers, anxious to participate in such amusements, came to his commander with a falsehood in his mouth, and asked a furlough of two or three days, on the pretence that he wished to visit a dying father. He stayed from duty two weeks, instead of two days, and visited the haunts of gamblers, instead of his parents. When he returned, and commenced a prevaricating apology, Marion, who knew the truth, interrupted him with the cutting answer: "Ah, is that you! well, never mind,—we never missed you!"

Marion had an excellent tact at discipline, and, as we shall perceive in the progress of his life, his immediate command was always celebrated for its excellent order and efficiency. He was indefatigable in drilling his men, and as he never required of others more than he was himself willing to per-

form, he raised them to a degree of military skill which produced a most excellent effect upon all, by emulation. This trait in the military character of Marion is the more worthy of remembrance, because the popular opinion has been that his discipline was lax, and that his men were more to be relied on for rude courage, than for good training. The raising of new regiments caused the promotion of Marion to a Majority. His friend Horry thus speaks of him in his new position :

“His field of duties became, of course, much more wide and difficult, but he seemed to come forward to the discharge of them with the familiarity and alertness of one who, as General Moultrie used to say, was born a soldier. In fact, he appeared never so happy, never so completely in his element, as when he had his officers and men out on parade, at close training. And for cleanliness of person, neatness of dress, and gentlemanly manners, with celerity and exactness in performing their evolutions, they soon became the admiration and praise both of citizens and soldiers. And, indeed, I am not afraid to say that Marion was the architect of the second regiment, and laid the foundation of that excellent discipline, and confidence in themselves, which gained them such reputation whenever they were called to face their enemies.”

In March, 1776, the second regiment, under Col. Moultrie, was ordered to take post on Sullivan's Island, at the entrance of Charleston Harbour. The fort, when the regiment entered, existed only in name. The soldiers proceeded immediately to construct the defences, of palmetto logs, which had been rafted to the place. The interstices were filled in with sand; and the works proved, upon trial, an excellent defence; though unfinished when the British fleet appeared at the entrance of the harbour. The garrison of the fort consisted of four hundred and thirty-five men. The cannon mounted were thirty-one in number; nine French twenty-sixes, six English eighteens, nine twelve, and seven nine-pounders.

The British fleet consisted of nine vessels, under command of Sir Peter Parker. Of these, two were fifty gun ships, five carried twenty-eight guns each, and one twenty-six; the other was a bomb-vessel. On the 20th of June, these vessels anchored before the fort, with springs on their cables, and commenced a bombardment. The fire from the ships was promptly answered; but the ammunition in the fort was carefully husbanded. In this, as in many of the battles of the revolution, the Americans laboured under the disheartening disadvantage of a scarcity of ammunition. Had the supply of pew-

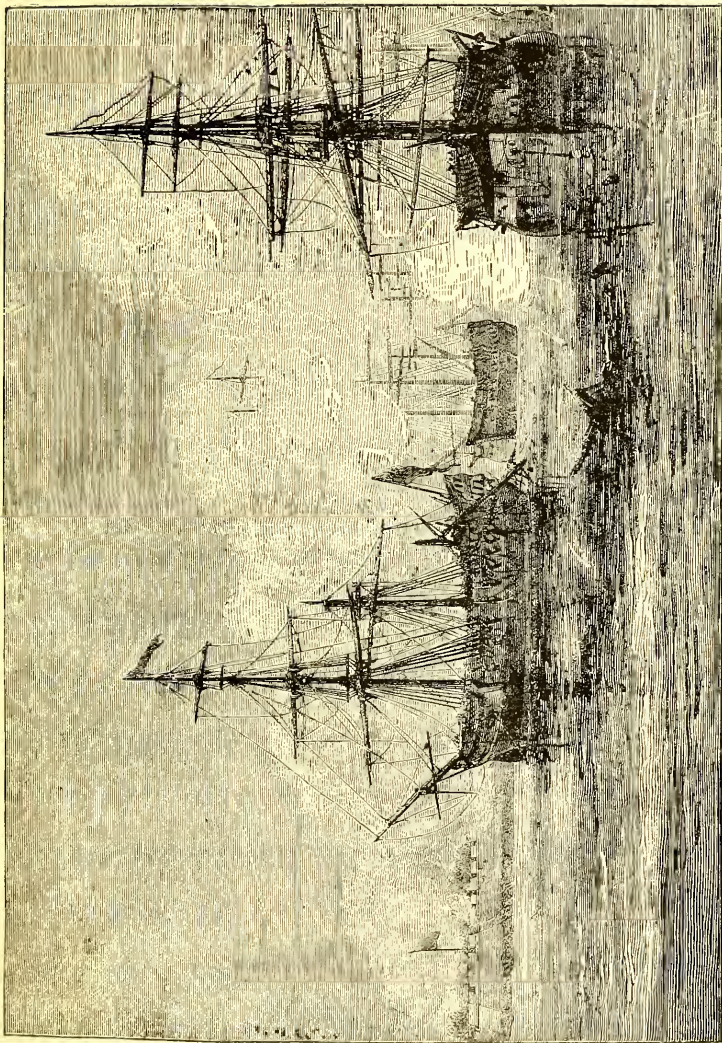
der in the fort been ample, the British fleet must have been destroyed. The field officers in person trained the guns, and almost every shot from the fort did execution. On board the British vessels the loss was severe. The commodore's ship, the *Bristol*, had 44 men killed, and a large number wounded, Sir Peter Parker himself losing an arm. The other fifty gun ship had 57 men killed and 30 wounded. On board the smaller vessels the loss was not severe, as the guns of the fort were principally directed against the larger craft. One of the smaller vessels of the fleet ran aground and was burnt; and the whole nine were severely shattered in hulls and rigging.

The Carolinians lost twelve men killed, and twenty-four wounded. Among the killed was Sergeant Macdonald. The loss of this gallant soldier was deeply felt; as he had endeared himself to his comrades by all the virtues which ennoble the man and the soldier. As he was borne from the gun, in directing which he received his mortal wound, he cried, "I die—but do not let the cause of liberty die with me!"

During the battle the men displayed the coolness of veterans, and the enthusiasm of patriots. The Americans, on this, as on other occasions, conducted themselves like men who were in arms not for hire,

but in defence of their country; soldiers who had taken up the sword from principle, and were determined not to disgrace themselves or the cause in which they had embarked. It required no ordinary degree of courage to face an enemy of whose skill and valour many of them had seen such wonderful proofs when fighting with them, side by side, against the Indians and the French; and the immense responsibility which the colonies were incurring in engaging in war with the country which they were accustomed to consider invincible, must have forced itself upon the thoughts of the reflecting. The position which they held that day was by no means a good one. So little safe, with any ordinary defenders, was it considered, that General Charles Lee, who had been despatched by Congress to the command of the southern army, would have abandoned Fort Sullivan as untenable, even before the arrival of the fleet, if he had not been overruled by the advice of the colonial officers. The stand that day made had a most inspiring influence upon the spirits of the country; and the defence of Fort Sullivan forms one of the brightest pages in the history of the Revolution.

There are two interesting anecdotes relative to this battle, which we must not omit. The flag of the fort floated from a high mast, against which the



THE BATTLE AT SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, Page 34.

enemy directed their fire, until it was shattered and fell over the ramparts upon the beach. Serjeant Jasper leaped over, and walking the whole length of the fort in the face of the enemy's fire, and detaching the flag, fastened it to a sponge-staff with a cord, and planted the staff on the ramparts.

The last shot on this day is ascribed to Marion. Just at sunset, as the British ships were slipping their cables, and moving out of the range of fire from the fort, a cannon having just been charged, Marion took the match, and caused the piece to be aimed at the commodore's ship. The ball entered the cabin, where two young officers were taking some refreshment, and killing both, glanced thence upon the main deck, where, in its course, it killed three sailors, and then passed through the side of the vessel into the sea. This remarkable occurrence was narrated by some sailors who deserted from the commodore's vessel on the night following the engagement.

On the next day after the battle abundant refreshments were sent down to the fort from Charleston, and on the second day the governor and council, and many of the principal residents of Charleston paid the soldiers a visit. The guests were received in due form, and the soldiers were highly complimented by their guests, as they deserved to be, for

their gallant conduct. The regiment was presented with a superb stand of colours by Mrs. Barnard Elliott, which were delivered, as of right, into the charge of Serjeant Jasper, who promised never to surrender them but with his life. To the same brave fellow Governor Rutledge presented his own sword. He also offered the Serjeant a lieutenant's commission on the spot, but Jasper modestly but absolutely refused it. He had never learned to read or write, and feared that he was not fit, thus ignorant, to associate with officers.

CHAPTER III.

Effects of the Successful Defence of Fort Sullivan—Evil Influences of a condition of Suspense—Serjeant Jasper—His Talent at Disguises, and Visits to the Enemy—His first call upon his Brother in the British Army—His Second Trip, with a Companion—A Party of American Prisoners brought into the British Camp—Their Distress—Jasper and Newton determine to liberate them—They follow, and by a Surprise conquer their Guard, killing four, and making the others Prisoners—Ill-advised Operations against Savannah—Repulse of the Americans and Death of the brave Serjeant Jasper.



AFTER the brilliant defence of Fort Sullivan, since called Fort Moultrie, in honour of the gallant officer commanding, little of much interest occurs in the life of Marion, or, indeed, in the history of South Carolina, for three years. The defence of Fort Sullivan was, in its consequences, most important. It secured the State against invasion for three years, and thus postponed the horrors of war in a district of country where the people were divided. But the State by no means escaped all the disadvantage of a condition of things by which government was in a great

degree suspended. Industry languished, since people could not, in a state of such uncertainty, apply themselves to their ordinary pursuits, or count upon the usual rewards of labour. Dissolute habits took root, and the foundation was laid for the subsequent partisan warfare, in which, as has been forcibly remarked, Whigs and Tories pursued and hunted each other with the ferocity of demons. While estimating the cost of the political privileges with which our happy country is blessed, and the security and comfort in which we now live, under our well-established laws and institutions, we should not forget the terrors and sufferings of the state of anarchy to which the colonists were so much exposed, in many parts of the country, during the long years through which the contest for independence extended.

Before resuming the life of Marion and his active services, the reader will be interested in learning something more of the feats of Serjeant Jasper, of whom we heard in the last chapter. Little more, unfortunately, remains to be said of him, since his chivalric and heedless courage early brought him to the end of his life and services. The Serjeant had a brother who was as brave as himself, and to whom he was very much attached. This brother was not a republican, but a loyalist, and was as

highly esteemed for his courage and manly qualities in the British service, as the Serjeant was in the American army. It was not uncommon for brothers to be thus divided in opinion, but it was not usual for them to retain their affection for each other, as the two Jaspers did.

The Serjeant possessed a wonderful capacity for disguising his appearance, and counterfeiting character. He delighted in the dangerous duties of a scout or spy, penetrating often the enemy's camp or garrison, at the hazard of his life, and discovering their force, their intentions, and all other particulars which it was useful or necessary for the Americans to know, and not unfrequently bringing back with him prisoners or deserters. So complete was Jasper in the arts of strategy, that his superior officers allowed him the privilege of selecting companions from the brigade, and going out on excursions whenever he chose, and returning when he thought fit. The reader will readily perceive that this was placing very high confidence in his patriotism; for being unquestioned and unsuspected, he had it in his power to play the traitor. If he had been a man like Arnold, for instance, and willing to sacrifice his country to his own selfish purposes, he would have had abundant opportunity to do great mischief. Uprightness and honour confer a truer

nobility upon the humblest man, than any rank or birth can invest him with, who is destitute of these high attributes.

Though Serjeant Jasper had the privilege of taking as many men with him as he chose, he seldom took more than six. Col. Moultrie, in his Memoirs, says: "He often went out, and returned with prisoners, before I knew that he was gone. I have known of his catching a party that *was looking for him*. He has told me that he could have killed single men several times, but he would not; he would rather let them get off. He went into the British lines, as a deserter, at Savannah, complaining at the same time of our ill-usage of him; he was gladly received (they having heard of his character) and caressed by them. He stayed eight days, and, after informing himself well of their strength, situation and intentions, he returned to us again; but that game he could not play a second time. With his little party he was always hovering about the enemy's camp, and frequently bringing in prisoners."

The particular feat which has made Serjeant Jasper more celebrated than any other, we will now relate. His brother was in the British garrison at a place called Ebenezer. He was more astonished than pleased to see the Serjeant in the camp; for

Serjeant Jasper was so well known that his brother was terribly alarmed lest he should be seized at once and hung as a spy. The Serjeant, however, told him not to be alarmed, for he was no longer an American soldier, and he told this story with such an appearance of sincerity, that his brother believed him. By the rules of war, falsehood, in a case like this, where a man is spying upon the enemy, has always been considered allowable; and, whatever we may think of the moral character of such a proceeding, it is certain that Serjeant Jasper saw nothing but a justifiable artifice in it. His brother was delighted at the change, and told him at once that, such was his reputation, he could have a commission in the British army. The Serjeant did not wish to carry the deception any farther than would answer his present purpose; and declined to enter the royal army. He said that though he saw little encouragement to fight *for* his country any longer, he could not find it in his heart to fight *against* her.

After lengthening his visit to two or three days, long enough to discover all that was to be learned, he pretended that he was going to remove to a part of the country where he should not be obliged to participate at all in the war, and left his brother under that impression. He started off in such a direction that his brother should not suspect what

were his intentions, and, by a very circuitous and round-about road, returned to the American camp, and reported all that he had seen. But there was nothing going forward, and Jasper, wearied with idleness, determined, after two or three weeks, to make another visit to his brother—a most hazardous enterprise, and one which a man less bold and less crafty than Serjeant Jasper would not have dared to undertake.

On his second visit, he took with him another Serjeant, whose name was Newton. His friend, in personal strength and courage and cunning, was very nearly equal to Jasper himself. His unsuspecting brother was very glad to see him; and it is very likely that, on this second visit, he made himself the more welcome by giving pretended information about the American army. The part of a spy is a very difficult as well as dangerous one, and requires a great deal of art and invention, and perfect presence of mind.

How well the two Serjeants played their part may be judged from the fact that they spent two or three days unsuspected in the British camp. On the third day, the loyalist Jasper told his brother that he had some bad news for him. Both brothers appear to have been kind-hearted and humane; and the bad news was that several American prisoners

had been brought into camp that morning, and were on their way to Savannah for trial. What made their case peculiarly dangerous was that they were men who, having enlisted in the British army, had deserted and joined their countrymen; and the custom of war is to hang deserters. There seemed, indeed, little chance for these poor fellows.

Serjeant Jasper asked to see them, and his brother took him and his friend Newton to visit the prisoners. Weems gives a very touching description of their appearance, probably as it was related by Jasper himself to Major Horry, who supplied Weems with his facts. We copy it, as one of the best specimens of a curious writer's style—bordering upon the bombastic, but much less extravagant than this writer generally is, and really affecting:

“Indeed it was a mournful sight to behold them, where they sat, poor fellows! all hand-cuffed on the ground. But all pity of them was forgot, soon as the eye was turned to a far more doleful sight hard by, which was a young woman, wife of one of the prisoners, with her child, a sweet little boy of about five years old. Her humble garb showed her to be poor, but her deep distress, and her sympathy with her unfortunate husband, showed that she was rich in that pure conjugal love, that is more precious than all gold.

“She generally sat on the ground opposite to her husband, with her little boy leaning on her lap, and her coal-black hair spreading in long-neglected tresses on her neck and bosom. And thus in silence she sat, a statue of grief, sometimes with her eyes fixed hard upon the earth, like one lost in thought, sighing and groaning the while, as if her heart would burst;—then starting, as from a reverie, she would dart her eager eyes, red with weeping, on her husband’s face, and there would gaze, with looks so piercing sad, as though she saw him struggling in the halter, herself a widow, and her son an orphan. Straight her frame would begin to shake with the rising agony, and her face to change and swell; then, with eyes swimming in tears, she would look round upon us all, for pity and for help, with cries sufficient to melt the heart of a demon; while the child, seeing his father’s hands fast bound, and his mother weeping, added to the distressing scene, by his artless cries and tears.”

How such a spectacle as this would affect men like Jasper and Newton, ardent in patriotism—and in sympathy with the prisoners—fond of adventure, and delighting in that which seemed most difficult, will readily be imagined. Each silently made up his determination; and when they found a moment’s opportunity to interchange their thoughts,

the consultation was brief. It was only the mutual expression of a pledge to liberate the unfortunate men, or die in the bold attempt.

The prisoners were soon on their way to Savannah, under a guard of eight men, with a serjeant and corporal. The two friends left the camp in a different direction, to avoid suspicion; a precaution which it would certainly seem hardly needful to be taken; for who could have suspected two unarmed men of an intention to attack ten soldiers? The full difficulty of their enterprise did not occur to Jasper and Newton, until they had made a circuit and overtaken the party. They followed and watched them, unperceived, for several miles, discovering no opportunity to attempt a rescue. Within two miles of Savannah is a spring, which was then a stopping-place for travellers, and is now an object of great interest to the visitor, as the scene of one of the most chivalrous deeds of the Revolution. The two friends, as a last hope, trusted that the guard would stop here to refresh themselves and their prisoners; and, making a short cut through the woods, they arrived on the ground first, and waited there in ambush.

They had not long waited, when the melancholy procession came in sight. The guard, now in view of Savannah, felt the responsibility of their charge

almost at an end, and naturally relaxed a caution which had not been increased by any movement of the heart-broken prisoners. Their sad march had been undisturbed by any sight or sound of danger; and undoubtedly the wailing of the wretched wife and mother had communicated to the soldiers a compassionate share in the distress of the captives. The latter knew that the form of trial through which they were to go would be summary and pitiless; and that but one fate, and that sudden and ignominious, awaited men who having enlisted in the royal army, had deserted, and were captured with arms in their hands.

The corporal, with four men, conducted the prisoners toward the spring, near which the unhappy party sank down on the ground to rest. The unhappy wife seated herself, as usual when the party rested, opposite her husband; and the unconscious babe, wearied with the journey, fell into the peaceful sleep of ignorance in her arms. The serjeant's four men grounded their arms and brought up the rear. Two of the corporal's men stood guard over the prisoners, the other two, resting their muskets against a tree, proceeded leisurely to drink at the spring, and, having filled their canteens afresh, had turned toward the prisoners to give them water.

“Now, Newton!” said Jasper hurriedly In an

instant the two friends sprang together to the tree where the muskets stood—seized them, and shot down the two soldiers who stood as guard. The serjeant and corporal, the only ones of the soldiers who recovered their presence of mind in the panic of the attack, sprang forward to take up the loaded muskets of the dead men—but before they could use the arms Jasper and Newton felled them to the ground with their clubbed muskets, and seizing the loaded ones themselves, sprung to the place where the other four guns stood and summoned the other soldiers to surrender. They instantly complied—no more blood was shed, and Jasper and Newton wrenching the handcuffs from the prisoners' hands, furnished them each with a loaded musket, and six of the ten men who had formed the prisoners' guard were marched away to the American camp as prisoners, to the great astonishment of the American army, and no less to their own surprise. The woman whose husband had been thus snatched from death, was no less frantic in her joy than she had been in her sorrow.

This truly wonderful adventure has made Jasper and Newton's names famous for ever. It is so surprising that, without weighing all the circumstances, it would seem incredible. In the first place, we must recollect that the two friends had undertaken

a deed so desperate that they moved with the suddenness and boldness of giants. With them it was "do or die," and there was no time for thought or hesitation. The soldiers, as we have said, dreamed of no attack so near the city of Savannah, which was held by the British. The suddenness of the surprise threw them into confusion, and its boldness made them think, no doubt for a moment, that a large party had surrounded them. They probably had no time to observe that only two men had attacked them, until it was too late to remedy the mistake.

The American arms were not very successful at this period of the war in the South, though the bravery of the patriotic soldiers, and their spirited resistance to a much superior force are deserving of high credit, as they accomplished much real, if not brilliant service. The British, having taken Savannah, and overrun Georgia, penetrated as far as Beaufort, where the American troops, under Col. Moultrie, checked his advance. The result was a spirited battle, without positive advantage to either party. The British General, Prevost, intended to seize Charleston by a *coup de main*, but Moultrie succeeded in reaching the place before him, and placed it in as good a state of defence as the few hours he was in advance would permit. The British



advance was received with a volley from the American lines; and Prevost, after summoning the place to surrender, and being answered with a defiance, withdrew to the neighbouring islands, and thence to Beaufort and Savannah, where they made a stand. On the islands the British were vigorously and gallantly attacked, and their retreat was, if not absolutely forced, at least rendered expedient.

In September, 1779, the French Admiral appeared off Savannah, and the American forces were concentrated, under General Lincoln, for an attack on that city, to be made in conjunction with the French fleet and soldiers. But Count D'Estaing made this enterprise abortive, by a singular error of judgment. After summoning Savannah to surrender, he allowed the commander twenty-four hours in which to consider of his answer. To use the language of General Horry, "instead of thinking, like *simpletons*, they fell to *entrenching* like brave soldiers," and, of course, the next day the answer returned by General Prevost was, that he had determined to defend the city.

The Americans, and particularly those accustomed, like Marion, to the prompt movements of irregular warfare, considered these proceedings on the part of the formal, and, in this instance, foolish Count D'Estaing, as perfect madness. Marion is

represented to have been so provoked, that his friends feared he would even have set discipline at defiance, and "broken out" upon Gen. Lincoln. Usually a man of few words, and not in the habit of venting his feelings aloud, he exclaimed, "Who ever heard of anything like this before! *First* allow an enemy to entrench, and *then* fight him! See the destruction brought upon the British at Bunker's Hill—yet our troops there were only militia;—raw, half-armed clodhoppers—and not a mortar or carronade—not even a swivel—only their ducking guns! What, then, are we to expect from regulars, completely armed, with a choice train of artillery, and covered with a breastwork!"

In this instance, as in many others where the opinions of Americans were overruled by foreign allies, the result justified the anticipations of the American officers and soldiers. The French commander was ambitious of the eclat of a real and formal siege, and seems, if contemporary accounts be true, to have desired that the enemy should have all the advantage of position which would confer consequence upon a victory which he felt confident of winning. After several days of noisy but ineffectual bombardment, during the whole of which time we may presume the British were strengthening their position, an assault was determined upon.



DEATH OF COUNT PULASKI. Page 51.

This measure, taken at the first, would have carried the city—but served, when tardily resorted to, only to exhibit the gallantry of Americans and French, in the frightful loss of eleven hundred men. The repulse was effectual and decisive. The French allies withdrew to their ships, and shortly after left the coast, as the season when it was perilous for ships to remain was at hand; the action having taken place on the 9th of October.

The 2d Carolina regiment (Marion's) particularly distinguished itself by bravery and by loss of men. Among those who fell was the gallant Serjeant Jasper. The Americans, headed by Col. Laurens—more successful than the French—planted the colours of the 2d regiment on the enemy's works; but this success was the occasion of their principal loss, for in endeavouring, after the retreat was sounded, to secure the colours of the regiment, the greatest slaughter took place. Serjeant Jasper received his mortal wound in the defence of the standard; and Serjeant Bush, who shared the trust with him, was killed upon the spot. In this engagement also, fell Count Pulaski; and several men of note in the French column. D'Estaing, who had the redeeming quality of courage with his obstinacy, performed personal prodigies of valour—but these could offer no atonement for the lives which

his imprudence had sacrificed, or for the enduring disasters which this defeat entailed upon the cause of freedom in the Southern States, and, indeed, upon the whole country; for who can say how signal would have been the effect of so great a victory as that which seemed almost sure, when the French fleet first made its appearance on our Southern coast.

CHAPTER IV.

Withdrawal of the French Fleet from Savannah, and the American Forces from Georgia—Preparations for the Defence of Charleston—Marion as a Militia Commander—Accident by which he was Disabled—Fall of Charleston—Disingenuous and cruel course of the British—Disregard of the Terms of Capitulation—Melancholy Story of Colonel Hayne.



MARION was entirely unharmed in body in the assault upon Savannah, though in mind he deeply suffered, at the misfortune which had befallen the cause in which he was enlisted, and at the loss of the brave fellows who had been his comrades in arms. And yet, to this defeat he owes that romantic glory which has identified his name for ever with the chivalry of the Revolution. The withdrawal of the American army, and the almost complete surrender of his native State to the enemy, opened to him the field in which he won his brightest laurels. For a long time the rallying point of the few faithful and bold, he kept alive the fire of resistance; and the "rebellion," as he British termed it, may be said

to have been almost individualized in him. Daring in courage, deep in stratagem, wily in approach, and an adept in concealment, his enterprises were seldom unsuccessful. Amid all the bustle and stir of his adventures—all their temptation to sanguinary revenge, and all the provocation to retaliating barbarity upon the British and their Tory allies—it is above all else delightful to find that he was not only humane himself, and as far as possible sparing of blood and careful to avoid wanton destruction, but his influence over his followers maintained to a striking degree the better features of partisan warfare, without its barbarities. To this portion of his life we are soon to introduce the reader.

In January, the greater part of the American troops were withdrawn to Charleston, a place which it was considered of great consequence to preserve from the enemy. As it was now seriously threatened with attack, a camp was established at Bacon's Bridge, on Ashley River, for the reception of the militia, who had been summoned for the defence of the capital of the State. Hither Marion was despatched to drill and discipline these new recruits; for in this description of service he was unexcelled. He could enter into their feelings, and appreciate their conduct; and, while he did not exact impossibilities of them, he led them to perform feats which

at this day, seem almost incredible. He knew, understood and reconciled himself to the difference between citizen volunteers and regularly trained soldiers; and was celebrated for what was called his "*patience with the militia.*" In other words, he treated them as men; while it is generally the case with military officers that they regard the militia with contempt.

It is related by Major Horry, that when, at one time, he complained of his men, Marion answered with a smile: "Pshaw! It is because you do not understand the management of them. You command militia; it will not do to expect too much from that sort of soldiers. If, on turning out against the enemy, you find your men in high spirits, with burning eyes all kindling round you, that's your time! Then, in close columns, with sounding bugles, and shining swords, dash on, and I'll warrant your men will follow you, eager as lions' whelps. But, on the other hand, if they get dismayed, and begin to run, you are not to fly in a passion with them, and show yourself as mad as they are cowardly. No, you must learn to run, as fast as they and faster too, that you may get into the front and encourage them to rally."

Such was the spirit which Marion carried into the training of his militia; such the mode of man

agement by which he made them invincible. He reasoned correctly that the same details of duty were not to be expected from them as from regular troops, or the same steadiness at all times which may be expected from veterans. He enjoyed fully their confidence—shared in all their privations, and braved more than his share of their dangers.

When active services were needed for the defence of Charleston, Marion marched in with his troops. In this post of danger and honour, however, accident deprived him of the opportunity of distinguishing himself; and the same accident undoubtedly saved his services to his country for the time when they were most needed, and most effective.—The wealthy citizens of Charleston, with Southern cordiality, pressed numerous civilities upon the American officers. Marion was dining with a party of friends, when the host, in a fashion of showing his hospitality then common, now obsolete or fast becoming so, turned a key upon his guests. This was to force them to spare neither his own wine nor their own heads. Marion, always temperate, was not disposed to submit to such conditions; nor, on the other hand, could he offer rudeness to a man whose politeness, however irksome, was well-intended, and borne out by the tyrant custom. He had, however, as little desire to witness the orgies

of others as to partake himself; and, in making his escape at a window, effected it at the cost of a broken ankle. The apartment was on the second story, and the injury so severe that our hero was for a long time not only unfitted for the duties of war, but incapacitated for any bodily exercise. We may readily conceive how much a mind so sensitive as his would be afflicted by an accident which the unfriendly could so readily misrepresent. Nor would his repugnance against partaking of the beverage so readily abused be at all diminished by a calamity in which he was made an innocent sufferer.

Marion returned to his residence in St. John's Parish; General Lincoln having issued an order for the retirement from the city of all supernumerary officers, and all officers unfit for duty. The defence of Charleston was, for six weeks, most manfully maintained; and the city fell, at last, rather by the exhaustion of provisions and military stores, than by the arms of the enemy.

The darkest page in the whole history of British arms in America, is that which records the policy of the English commanders, after the fall of Charleston. So dispiriting was this event to the Americans, that the whole State of South Carolina may be said to have resigned itself at once; and almost without

a pretence at resistance. The irresolute and vacillating, considering all as lost, came at once into an adhesion to the royal cause. The Whigs, every where dispirited, made a secret of their preferences, or feigned submission; while the Tories, emboldened by the turn affairs had taken, now became openly violent. Private animosities were gratified by inviting the torch and bayonet upon fellow citizens; and the sufferings of the unhappy country were extreme. But the very barbarity with which the loyalists proceeded, secured their final overthrow. Mildness and conciliation might have completed the victory which commenced at the repulse at Savannah, and *seemed* only sealed by the fall of Charleston. Barbarity and rapine exasperated those whom they were intended to break and humble; and the madness of the victors awakened patriotism in hearts which had else hardly felt its glow.

Sir Henry Clinton was, after the fall of Charleston, succeeded in the command by Earl Cornwallis. Before Sir Henry was superseded he issued a proclamation, offering, with a few exceptions, pardon to the inhabitants for their past "treasonable offences," and holding out the fair promise of "reinstatement in all their rights and immunities." Nay, more was promised than they had before enjoyed; for while the right to tax the colonies without their

consent was the main point in dispute when the war commenced, Sir Henry's treacherous proclamation waived even this, and promised exemption from taxation, except by their own legislatures.

The timid, the time-serving and the irresolute seized upon these admissions: in all but the exception of certain persons from pardon, the proclamation seemed, to some, rather the concessions of the vanquished than the magnanimity of the victors. All hoped for security and peace—at least from their Tory neighbours—and many looked at the British power rather as an armed mediator between contending factions, than as a conquering foreign foe. Declarations of allegiance to the crown were signed by many, including some of the most active Whigs in the colony; and, under protection, these persons returned to their plantations. Others were dismissed on their parole, as prisoners of war. The hope of escaping further bloodshed, and the belief that they should not be required to mingle again in the strife, seduced many into the signature of the declaration. They saw no hope in fighting for their country; and trusted to the promise, implied, and universally understood, if not distinctly expressed, that they would not be required to take up arms against her. The Tories resorted to the artifice of circulating the rumour that Congress had

decided no longer to contend for the States of South Carolina and Georgia, but purposed to resign them to the British rule. All these causes, operating with the weariness and disgust of war, and the desire for peace to which the disasters and troubles of the time gave rise, operated to produce a momentary moral conquest and disarming of the patriots.

But the dream of peace was of short duration. The most charitable explanation of the events that followed is, that Cornwallis disapproved of the policy which Sir Henry Clinton had indicated, and saw, or imagined that he saw a necessity for changing it. There are those, however, who deem the conduct of the conquerors to have been treacherous and deceitful from the beginning, and who maintain that the first proclamation was conceived in treachery. However that may have been, there is sufficient of guilt in the non-fulfilment of promises honestly made—sufficient of treachery in wresting words from their meaning, in which the unsuspecting Carolinians had trusted, and sufficient of cruelty in the barbarous and mocking murders and burnings which marked the course of Earl Cornwallis, and the subordinates who acted in his spirit, and fulfilled his instructions.

A month had not passed from the date of Sir

Henry's proclamation, when Cornwallis issued another, which rendered the first a nullity. Nay, worse than that—it closed the door of escape against those who had been beguiled into security by the first document, and drew tight about them the meshes of a snare, in which many fell by an ignominious death. The fate of the gallant and unfortunate Hayne is an episode belonging to this part of our history, sufficiently moving and awful in its details to furnish reason for the bitter hate which more than one generation cherished against Great Britain. Such are the lasting horrors of war. Conducted on the most chivalrous and generous principles, it leaves sufficient rancour behind; but when perfidy, mock-trials, and the gibbet or the tree, come in as counsellors and aids, the hatred which the most favourable peace leaves behind it is neither unnatural nor surprising, however intense and lasting.

Having alluded to the melancholy story of Colonel Hayne, we may here diverge a little from the strict order of our narrative to relate it. He was one of the defenders of Charleston, and when that city fell returned to his plantation. The terms of the capitulation secured, or professed to secure, the persons and property of the Americans, restricting them, of course, from bearing arms against the

British. There were early indications that the terms of the capitulation were not to be kept, and Colonel, then Captain Hayne, was required by the commander of the British forces stationed near him, either to take up arms as a British subject, or to report himself at Charleston, as a prisoner of war. He refused to do either, claiming that under the capitulation, and the sanctity of his parole, which he had not violated, he had a right to remain where he was. The illness of his family, with that terrible malady the small-pox, added to his affliction and perplexity.

Harassed by the importunities of his enemies, he was at length persuaded to repair to Charleston; but he bore with him a written pledge from the British officer in his neighbourhood, that he should immediately be permitted to return to his family, on his engaging to demean himself as a British subject, while a British army covered the country. With this guarantee, he trusted only to be required to give the assurance and return. But he was told that he must either swear allegiance to the British government, or go into close imprisonment. With a dying wife and child at home, the father gave way; but in the oath of allegiance he protested against the clause which required him "with his arms to support the British government."

His scruples upon this point were met by the declaration that it never would be required of him to take up arms against his country; and with this understanding he subscribed the form, and hastened back to his plantation; but it was only to receive the expiring sigh of his wife, and to find one of his children no more. After this he resided privately upon his estate, taking no part in passing events. The next movement, unexpected and more oppressive than all the others, was a command from the British authorities that he should repair at once to the British standard, and take arms for the crown. This violation of the agreement on the part of the royalists he regarded as fully absolving him; and he hastened at once to the American camp, and bore arms in the service of his country.

He was made a prisoner of war by the British, and removed to Charleston. A court of inquiry was summoned, by which he was condemned to be hanged "for having been found under arms, and employed in raising a regiment to oppose the British government, though he had become a subject, and accepted the protection of that government."

This sentence was accordingly carried into execution, on the 4th of August, 1781. Every effort was made to procure a review or abrogation of the sentence. Lord Rawdon then in command of

Charleston, was addressed in every way. People of all classes, Loyalists as well as Whigs, interceded to no purpose. Even the children of the prisoner, habited in deep mourning, were introduced into the military despot's presence, and implored him for the life of their father. Lord Rawdon was inexorable. The prisoner took no part in these proceedings, but during his imprisonment, and at the time of his execution, behaved with a firmness which has made his melancholy and ignominious death one of the heroic passages of the revolution.

The close of the tragedy, the attentive reader has no doubt perceived, is in advance of our narrative. What was done to Colonel Hayne was, however, but a parallel to what befel others, less prominent and distinguished, in a more summary and sudden manner. The articles of capitulation, under which Charleston surrendered, were treated as if they never had been written. The property of citizens was seized, and the prisoners who had surrendered were crowded into prison-ships, and released only on condition of enlisting, to serve in the British army in other countries. Citizens who were suspected, by their influence or example, of aiding the endurance of the prisoners, were dragged from their houses without warning, and forced to share the horrors of the prison-ships. The proclamation

of Cornwallis, to which we have before referred applied to all the colonists the same tortuous policy which we have detailed in the case of Colonel Hayne. They were told that they could only enjoy the privileges which the first proclamation had held out, by returning to full allegiance as British subjects, and taking up arms against their countrymen. So gross an act of insincerity opened the eyes of the whole people, and failed utterly in the purpose which it was intended to serve.

CHAPTER V.

Movements and Character of Colonel Tarleton—Origin of the Phrase “Tarleton’s Quarters”—Capture or Retreat of distinguished Carolinians—Eager Vindictiveness of the Tories—Hunting of Marion through the Swamps—He escapes to North Carolina—Meets his old Friend Horry—Their Poverty—The Unfriendliness of their Countrymen—National Financial Difficulties—Adventure at an Inn—American Women—Arrival of General Gates.



WHILE the state of things which we have described in the previous chapter existed in Charleston, in the country aings were even worse. The small bodies of troops which the Americans strove to drill and organize, were attacked by the British and loyalists, principally by detachments under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, who was one of the most active and energetic, and, at the same time, barbarous and unscrupulous officers in the British service. So cruel was he in his butcheries that his name was a terror and a synonyme with barbarity. No small part of his successes in his predatory excursions is perhaps to be attributed to the fright

which his evil fame inspired. "Tarleton" was not merely a word to frighten women and children, but men were not unreasonably alarmed at his approach; and "Tarleton's Quarters" passed into a by-word to signify indiscriminate slaughter of the defeated. The occurrence which gave occasion to such a phrase happened just after the fall of Charleston, when Colonel Beaufort was advancing to the relief of that city, from Virginia, with four hundred men, being yet unadvised of its surrender. When Beaufort reached Camden he heard the disastrous intelligence, and determined upon a retreat. Tarleton with seven hundred men was despatched to seek him, and overtook him near the Wexhaw settlements, where he summoned him to surrender. Beaufort hesitated, not preparing for flight, for surrender, or for an engagement. His patriotism halted at the two first courses, and his prudence suggested the useless valour of the last. While debating with himself, and consulting with his officers, Tarleton suddenly and impetuously attacked him. Unprepared either to fight or to retreat, the Americans made a feeble and indecisive show of resistance, and then grounded their arms. The flag of truce was disregarded; the bearer of it was cut down by Tarleton himself, and the British rushed with fixed bayonets upon the Americans, who fan-

ced that the battle was over. But some of them, thus attacked, seized their grounded arms, determined, since their application was disregarded, to die like men. This renewal of firing brought on a terrible butchery by the British, who gave no quarter; and "Tarleton's Quarters" was afterward the battle-cry in many a bloody scene. It is difficult to define the precise degree of criminality which attaches to the British commander in this affair; or to say how far Beaufort's mismanagement led to the fatal result; but it is certain that by no one less sanguinary and impetuous than Tarleton would his mistake, if mistake it was, have been committed.

The British and loyalists followed up their advantages whenever any point of attack presented itself, till scarce a vestige of opposition remained. The most distinguished patriots who had escaped, did so by abandoning the State; for to have been known as a patriot left no chance or hope of security. In the absence of proprietors, their property was destroyed; and the more humble citizens, who might have escaped from their enemies by the mere circumstance of their obscurity, were pointed out by partisan hate, and their houses fired, and possessions ravaged. Many concealed their sentiments or held their peace, not daring openly to acknowledge their friendship for their country.

During this period, where was Marion? His name was too well known, and the character of his services to his country was too well and too widely celebrated to make it possible that he should rest in peace. His disabled condition prevented his removing from the State, and for several months he was hunted from place to place, from thicket to thicket, and from swamp to swamp, with eager animosity. But his gallant services had raised him troops of friends among those who loved their country; and of personal friends who loved him for himself alone, he had no lack. These were ever upon the alert. They watched every movement of the enemy; and whenever danger approached, he was hurried to a new place of concealment. Now carried at midnight from his bed to the woods—now hurried from one hiding-place amid the rocks and swamps to another; escaping many times by a very hair's-breadth, he spent several months in what would appear the very worst treatment to which a man with a shattered limb could have been subjected. To have endured all this, even with a sound body, would seem enough to have broken and killed an ordinary man. Marion's iron constitution, inured, as we have seen, to hardship and suffering in his youth, and fortified by a life of temperance, enabled him to survive it all; and the fidelity of his ser-

vants, and of his friends among the most humble of his countrymen, was a solace which, supporting his great mind, gave strength to his feeble body.

As soon as he could mount a horse with the assistance of his servant, he prepared for active service again. Had he been disposed to relax in his warfare for liberty, the persecution he had undergone would have goaded him, as it did many others, to desperate resistance. Major Horry, who seems to have known nothing of Marion's whereabouts during the concealment we have spoken of, and who, like Marion, had determined to go North in search of service, was fortunate enough upon his way to overtake Marion. The joy of the two friends at meeting thus was very great, though Major Horry, by his own admission, despaired of the ultimate success of the cause in which they had embarked their all. As to their condition, it was not very promising certainly. Marion's ankle was still so lame that he required the assistance of his servant to mount and dismount. "But," says Horry, "I was more sensible than ever what a divine thing friendship is. Well indeed was it for us that our hearts were so rich in friendship, for our pockets were as bare of gold and silver as if there were no such metals on earth. And, but for carrying a knife, or a horse-fleam, or a gun-flint, we had

no more use for a pocket than a Highlander has for a knee-buckle. As to hard money, we had not seen a dollar for years; and of old continental, bad as it was, we received but little, and that was gone like a flash, as the reader may well suppose, when he comes to learn that a bottle of rum would sweep fifty dollars."

The "old continental" which Major, now Colonel Horry, speaks of, was paper money, issued on the credit of the States which were resisting Great Britain. When the prospect for final success seemed so little, it is hardly to be wondered that it depreciated in value, particularly among such people as the Colonel goes on to describe: "Here we were, two continental colonels of us, just started on a journey of several hundred miles, without a penny in pocket. But though poor in gold, we were rich in faith. Burning patriots ourselves, we had counted on it as a certainty, that everybody we should meet out of the reach of the British were as fiery as we; and that the first sight of our uniforms would command smiling countenances and hot suppers, downy beds, and, in short, everything that our hearts could wish. But alas and alack, the mistake! For instead of being smiled on everywhere along the road as the champions of liberty, we were often grinned at as if we had been horse

thieves. Instead of being hailed with benedictions, we were often in danger from the brickbats; and in lieu of hot suppers and dinners, we were actually on the point of starving, both we and our horses! For, in consequence of candidly telling the publicans 'we had nothing to pay,' they as candidly declared 'they had nothing to give,' and that 'those who had no money had no business to travel.'"

Such were the disadvantages under which Marion and many other hardy spirits laboured; not only against the declared enemies of their country, but against the supineness and indifference of many of their countrymen. Nor were individual embarrassments the only bar to a spirited and successful prosecution of the war. The Congress, and all the departments of government, laboured under difficulties so discouraging, that nothing but the hand of Him who is king of kings and the ruler of nations, could have carried the colonies through so arduous a struggle. It is well for our young readers, who look at the American Revolution only as a series of battles, to remember that there were other things to contend with, beside those which make up in history the glory of warfare. Men had their private feelings, necessities, and selfishness—families to support and provide for; and that under every discouragement. We are not, therefore, to

wonder, when war disarranged all the usual pursuits of life, and made even the bare coarse food necessary for its maintenance precarious, that self sometimes mastered patriotism, even with those who were friendly to the objects of the war. Nor are we to be surprised that Marion and Horry should encounter an innkeeper who, when he saw their regimentals, began to *hem* and *haw*, and tell them of "a mighty fine tavern about five miles farther on." They begged him to recollect that it was a dark and stormy night.

"Oh," answered the publican, "the road is mighty plain, you can't miss your way."

"But consider," said our Colonels, "we are strangers."

"Oh," said the other, "I never liked strangers in all my life!" This was tolerably plain, but a singular dislike for a tavernkeeper. The travellers rejoined :

"But, sir, we are American officers, going to the North for men to fight your battles."

"Oh, I want nobody to fight *my* battles. King George is good enough for *me*!"

And driven away they would have been if the women of the household had not interposed, and insisted upon their being received; and not only

so, but they filled their portmanteaus with provision for the way. And this reminds us to say that, as Americans, we cannot be too grateful to the women who lived in those troublous times. Their portion of the duties of that eventful period was not in the camp and in the field. They come in for no adequate share of the praise with which we celebrate the deeds of the Revolution. This is not as it should be. Their services were no less important than those rendered by the men; and if their sufferings did not consist in the blows of sabres and gun-shot wounds, their houses destroyed; their peace marred by anxiety, their hearts torn by the suffering and death of their kindred and friends, their patient labour through all this, and the not unfrequent voice of encouragement which they lifted, and that too in the darkest hours:—surely these considerations entitle the HEROINES of the Revolution to our grateful remembrance. Without their aid, the independence of our country could never have been achieved.

After a long and painful journey, relieved by the aid of occasional Whig hospitality and patriotism, our heroes arrived at Hillsborough, North Carolina, where they heard the gratifying intelligence that an army, under General Gates, was marching to

the aid of their native State. Full of joy at this news, so consonant with their patriotic wishes, they hurried forward to join the American forces, little dreaming what a sad reverse awaited them, or how soon there would be added to the army cut to pieces at Savannah, and that captured at Charleston, the loss of still another.

CHAPTER V.

Marion's Fortitude—Military Character of Gates—His Obstinacy, and too hasty March—Poverty of the Country—Detachment of Marion in advance—Anecdote of Major James—Destruction of the Boats of the Planters—News received of Gates's Defeat—Death of De Kalb—Formation of Marion's Brigade—Cornwallis's Order—Success of Sumter—His subsequent Defeat.



FORTITUDE and firm hope, without sanguine expectation of miracles or sudden good fortune, were Marion's characteristics. Never unduly elated, or rendered incautious by success, he never permitted himself to despair of the cause in which he had embarked life, fortune, and honour. It is related of him that, during the gloomy period which we have just been describing, he had words of faith and hope for his friend Horry. "The victory," he said, "is still sure. The enemy, it is true, have the game in their hands, and if they had the spirit to be generous, would certainly ruin us. But they have no idea of that—and will treat the people cruelly. And that one thing will ruin them, and save America." And, in

reference to the cruelties of the British and Tories, Weems makes Marion say at another time: "'Tis a harsh medicine, but it is necessary. Our country is like a man who has swallowed a mortal poison. Give him an anodyne to keep him easy, and he's a dead man. But if you can only knock him about, he is safe. Our people have been lulled with *proclamations* and *protections*, but that is over now, and they are opening their eyes." Undoubtedly such was the opinion of Marion, and other discerning men.

As we have said, great hopes were entertained of the advance of assistance. But the disastrous issue of General Gates's Southern campaign made matters much worse than they were before his arrival. He was flushed with his victory over Burgoyne, and, unfortunately, too tenacious of his own opinion, and of his military education, to listen to advice. The unfortunate issue of the battle of Camden was made the subject of investigation before a court of inquiry. The verdict reinstated General Gates in his rank; and we must receive it, so far as it exonerates him from unsoldierlike conduct. But upon the imprudence of his measures there can be but one opinion; nor can there be a doubt that he vastly over-estimated his own abilities, or imagined that his name alone would spread such

dismay among the ranks of the foe, that for him to advance would be to conquer. His prejudices, as we have had occasion to observe of other regularly-trained soldiers, acquired in too mechanical a school of war, unfitted him for the peculiar warfare of the Southern States, and prevented him from seeing that such men as Marion and his command were precisely the most effective, and their policy the most efficient.

Gates was partially moved by the advice of Marion, seconded by that of Governor Rutledge and Baron De Kalb, and, in consonance with their opinion, moved toward the heart of the State. It was thus intended to protect the Whigs, and to give them an opportunity to rally round the banner of their country; to prevent their being cut up in detail, and to relieve them from the merciless scouting parties of the loyalists. But this measure, taken at the suggestion of the Southern men, should have been conducted in their way. The army should have moved slowly and cautiously, gathering strength as it advanced, and becoming accustomed to discipline, and nerved to the conflict. By such a course, not only would it have received constant accessions, but the new men would have assimilated with the old, and all have become blended together.

While De Kalb held the command, previous to

the arrival of General Gates, he had moved on carefully, and with a due regard to the ease and refreshment of his men, and to the conciliation of the people through whose lands he passed. The march of a large body of men must be a heavy tax upon a country; and at this season of the year (early in August) it was particularly so, as the old crops were exhausted, and the new not harvested. De Kalb earnestly advised that he should move by the more circuitous route, through a rich country, which could have better supported the troops. Gates insisted on dashing through the shortest path; and the sufferings of the troops are strongly but coarsely described by Horry. "Gates must dash upon his prey; and so, for a near cut, take us through a pine barren, sufficient to have starved a forlorn hope of caterpillars. What had we to expect, in such a miserable country, where many a family goes without dinner, unless the father can knock down a squirrel in the woods, or his pale, sickly boy picks up a terrapin in the swamps? We did, indeed, sometimes fall in with a little corn; but then the poor, skinny, sunburnt women, with long, uncombed tresses, would run screaming to us, with tears in their eyes, declaring that if we took away their corn, they and their children must perish. Such times I never before saw, and I pray God I

may never see nor hear of again, for to this day the bare thought of it depresses my spirits."

But as Marion escaped the mortification of being present at the fall of Charleston, so was he also spared that of being in the army of Gates at his defeat. The reasons of his leaving Gates are involved in some uncertainty. Some authorities represent that it was the inconvenience of his position which induced him to take advantage of the first opening that presented itself for independent service. Perhaps this had some weight. The men who had volunteered to join him presented little in appearance which was formidable, certainly. They are described as not exceeding twenty, men and boys, white and black, all mounted, but miserably equipped, and wearing, in their small leather caps and wretched clothing, an appearance so burlesque that it was with much difficulty the regular soldiers could be restrained from making Marion's men the subject of their diversion. But unpromising as was this little band in appearance, it had already performed feats of valour which had made its name famous; and it was destined to accomplish exploits which have handed down their fame as the romance of the Revolution.

Whatever may have been the causes which weighed with Marion—whether he saw that his ser

vices were not likely to be appreciated, or was disinclined to be present during what he considered the mistaken policy of General Gates; or whether, as was probable, the service of his country was the paramount reason with him, while the others had also their weight, we cannot fully determine; but he did not leave without a motive and an object. He had been invited by the people of Williamsburg to put himself at their head; and with this force he proposed to watch the motions of the enemy, and furnish intelligence. General Gates, who felt so sure of defeating Cornwallis that he wished to take measures to prevent the escape of the fugitives, also directed him to destroy all the rice-boats of the planters on the Santee River, to prevent the fugitives from crossing on their flight to Charleston.

The people who had invited Marion to take command of the volunteer force they were about to raise, resided between the Santee and Pedee Rivers. They were of Irish descent principally, and their district formed part of the country in which Marion and Horry raised their first recruits, at the commencement of the war. Of course the celebrated partisan chief was already well known among them; and his knowledge of them, also, made him aware that better material for the command he wished to raise did not exist in the State. There

is a stirring anecdote connected with the taking up of arms in Williamsburg. - The people had before them the two proclamations of which we have previously spoken. Under the first many had accepted protections, or promised allegiance, as in other parts of the State. When the second appeared, and they were required to take up arms against their countrymen, or, rather, when they understood that they might be so called upon, it gave rise to a great deal of discussion. Meetings were held; and as the two proclamations seemed incapable of reconciliation with each other, a representative was chosen to proceed to the nearest British post, and seek a solution of the riddle.

The person deputed on this mission was Major John James; and the place to which he repaired was Georgetown, at which point a British armed vessel had just arrived, freighted with proclamations, and commanded by a Captain Ardeisoff—a gentleman who, when he left Charleston, little expected to be knocked down to posterity in the way that he has been. Major James, who had represented his district in the colonial legislature, and held other posts indicative of the esteem of his fellow-citizens, was too much accustomed to respect to be prepared for the haughty reception which Captain Ardeisoff gave him. When James opened

his business, and inquired upon what terms himself and friends were required to submit, Ardeisoff testily answered, "No other terms, you may be sure, sir, than unconditional submission."

"Of course, then," said the other, "we may remain at home in peace and quiet."

"No, sir! you have forfeited your lives, and all deserve to be hanged; and his majesty's generous pardon is granted only on condition of your taking up arms in his cause."

Major James made a spirited reply, and other words followed, in the course of which the British officer applied the term "rebels" to James and his friends, with a low and profane addition. Major James, losing all command of himself, sprang up, and seizing the chair upon which he had been sitting, astonished Captain Ardeisoff by knocking that worthy down with it; then hurrying to his horse, was out of the reach of pursuit before it could be attempted. What report such a messenger carried back to his constituents may readily be imagined; and the immediate action which was taken upon it, resulted in the formation of Marion's Brigade.

Major James was the first commander of the four companies which were raised; and he instantly set them to work. After some small but successful skirmishes, one of the four companies was sent for-

ward to Lynch's Creek, under Colonel McCottry, and there hearing of Colonel Tarleton, McCottry advanced to give him battle. The British officer probably from hearing exaggerated reports of McCottry's strength, retreated; and thus the new soldiers had the honour of early, though bloodless success. It was at this point that Marion joined the new troops, a few days before the defeat of Gates. His personal appearance at this time is thus described by Judge James, a son of the Major, who, at the age of fifteen, was a volunteer under Marion. "He was rather below the middle stature, lean and swarthy. His body was well set, but his knees and ancles were badly formed, and he still limped upon one leg. He had a countenance remarkably steady; his nose was aquiline, his chin projecting; his forehead large and high, and his eyes black and piercing. He was then forty-eight years of age, with a frame capable of enduring fatigue and every privation. * * * He was dressed in a close round-bodied crimson jacket, of a coarse texture, and wore a leather cap, part of the uniform of the second regiment, with a silver crescent in front, inscribed with the words, 'Liberty or Death!'"

We cannot fix with exactness the order of time in which all Marion's movements were made, nor is it important. He was proceeding, on the day

after the battle of Camden, in pursuance of Gates's instructions, to break up the boats on the Santee, when the startling news of the defeat of the American army reached him; and of course operations of that nature were no longer necessary, or advisable. Marion at once desisted, and struck to the woods to prepare for the Tories, who had a new advantage over him in the exasperation of the planters at the destruction of their property.

Gates's defeat, which took place on the 16th of August, 1780, had been as complete as his advance had been incautious. On the night of the 15th, the American army moved from Rugely's Mills, about twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay; and on the same night the British moved from Camden, for Rugely's Mills, the object of each commander being to surprise the other. The two armies met in the darkness, and, after exchanging a few shots, fell back to wait for daylight. De Kalb and others of the American officers, advised a retreat to the original position—but this Gates would not listen to. The greater part of the American forces had never seen any service; but in the night they showed a gallantry which indicated better things than they performed in the morning. The action began with the break of day; but with the unex-

pected severity of the British fire, the raw troops broke, some of them without firing a gun. General Gates hurried after them, in a fruitless attempt to bring them back, and the continentals, nine hundred in number, were left to sustain the attack of two thousand veterans, who were flushed with victory. The Americans, with De Kalb at their head, fought with desperation; and their veteran commander fell with no less than eleven wounds. British officers, when his name was made known by Du Buy-sen, his gallant aid, who threw himself between the fallen hero and the enemies' bayonets, interposed, and prevented his being killed upon the spot. The rout was complete, and, under such circumstances, it is only wonderful that the brave continentals endured the unequal contest so long.

Immediately after the victory, Cornwallis sullied his laurels by hanging some twelve or fifteen of his prisoners, on the easy pretext which the vacillating or treacherous "proclamations" furnished. He had, previously to the battle, issued general orders, from which the following is an extract:

"All the inhabitants of this province, who had submitted, and who have taken a part in this revolt, shall be punished with the greatest rigour; they shall be imprisoned, and their whole property taken

from them or destroyed. I have likewise directed that compensation should be made, out of their effects, to persons who have been plundered or oppressed by them. I have ordered *in the most positive manner*, that every militia-man, who had borne arms with us, and had afterwards joined the enemy, should be immediately hanged!"

With this order, and with the commander-in-chief's example, and the vindictiveness of partisan hate, there was little hope from the mercies of the British party afterward; nor, we are sorry to say, could the Whigs refrain from retaliation, although Marion and other officers laboured hard to prevent cruelty and wanton mischief. Reserving these things for the future chapters, we will close this with one more disaster.

General Sumter, a partisan officer, whose fame is second only to that of Marion, had, in July, obtained several victories over detachments of the enemy. To him, indeed, belongs the merit of giving the first check to the British success, after the fall of Charleston. While Gates was losing the battle of Camden, Sumter attacked a convoy of British stores, capturing three hundred prisoners, and securing forty wagons of munitions and provisions. Had Gates waited a couple of days, or been cautious

instead of rash, this affair of Sumter's might have come in as a powerful aid in raising the confidence of the main army. As it was, Sumter was incautious as valiant, and, encamping within an imprudent vicinity of the victorious enemy, he was surprised, and not only lost the booty he had taken, but barely escaped himself.

CHAPTER VI.

Marion watches the Road between Charleston and Camden—Disperses a British Party and liberates its Prisoners—Fluctuating Numbers of Marion's Band—Surprise of Captain Barfield—Defeat of the Tories at Black Mingo.



OW, after the rout of Gates, and the breaking up of Sumter's band, any more irresolute commander than Marion would have considered the cause, for the present at least, hopeless, and farther efforts of no service. But Marion, who had with him at this time only about thirty men, rightly deemed that while the British were somewhat incautious on account of their late successes, precisely the moment offered when his handful of followers could be made available. He was well informed, both by volunteer advices and by his own regular scouts, of the movements of the enemy's forces, and resolved that the victorious foe should be taught that the defeat of Gates, thorough and unfortunate as it was, had not wholly extinguished the patriot courage. To this end, he watched the road between Charleston and

Camden, as the communications passing between the British forces at those two points offered opportunity to intercept some of the parties.

Nor was he long in waiting. Hearing of the approach of a party of British soldiers, with prisoners, he pushed on with his force, and crossed Nelson's Ferry in advance of the British, under cover of the supposition that they were loyalists. The nearer to Charleston that the attack could be made, the better opportunity was there for a surprise, as such an event would be less expected. The British party halted at a tavern, on the east side of the river, for the night; and, at dawn, Marion and his men fell upon them. The sentinels had barely time to discharge their guns and run in; Marion's men rushed into the tavern-yard with them; and almost in an instant the affair was over. Twenty-six of the British were killed or made prisoners, with a loss of one man killed and one slightly wounded, on the part of the Americans. The little party were, by this affair, supplied with better arms, and re-furnished with ammunition. At the time of making the attack Marion's men had only four rounds of ammunition, and hardly a sword among them. This was, however, much better than they were often furnished; for they not unfrequently made an attack when a portion of them were compelled to



A CAVALRY CHARGE. Page 90.

be mere spectators, for the lack of arms, and to trust to the capture of guns from the enemy, to supply themselves. But their daring audacity led the enemy to suspect least of all their inefficiency; and the suddenness and boldness of their movements supplied the lack of numbers and deficiency of arms. Horsemen without swords would be helpless soldiers; and Marion took measures to remedy this defect. He "disarmed" the saw-mills, and of the material thus collected had cutlasses forged, which probably made up in weight what they lacked in quality of metal; for a single blow from one of Marion's men was often death.

One hundred and fifty American prisoners were liberated by this gallant achievement of Marion; and it was certainly not unreasonable to expect that his force would receive a large accession from the rescued prisoners. But not more than two or three, of so many, would join his band. They considered the cause as hopeless, and could see no use, they said, in fighting any longer, when all was lost.

There is one feature of Marion's command which it may be well to explain here, as it will furnish a key to the variableness in the number of his men. No service was ever more strictly *voluntary* than that of the soldiers under his command. Whenever he was pursued by a superior force, or circum-

stances made his numbers a mark for the enemy, and he was still not in sufficient force to contend, it was customary with him to dismiss them. All except a chosen few, and sometimes even those, scattered and disappeared, returning to their families; or, if that were unsafe or impracticable, concealing themselves at different points — each for himself. The brigade which struck terror so often into the hearts of the British and Tories, even in their fortified towns and camps, seemed absolutely to *vanish* when to contend was unadvisable. But they vanished only to reappear when least expected. Dispersion was part of their tactics; and a pursuing force was never in more danger than when, by the usual customs of warfare, it would appear that the party pursued was entirely broken and scattered. Such perfect influence had Marion over his men, that he knew they would promptly reappear at the understood signal; and if any chose by chance to withdraw entirely, he claimed and asserted no right to forbid it. Voluntary and cheerful service was the life of his command; and expulsion from the brigade was the severest punishment known in his code.

Many men were, by this system, enabled at once to give some attention to their domestic duties and needs, and to remain in the service of the country.

acting when occasion called. Marion had established the most perfect system of espionage on the movements of the enemy which ever existed in any warfare. Information was constantly reaching him from all quarters, giving the British no opportunity to move without his knowledge; while, on the other hand, he kept his intentions secret, even from his own officers, until the moment arrived for putting his men in motion. There was an air of mysterious daring in what he undertook, and a bustle of hearty enterprise about his movements, which gave a charm to the life his followers led. As he never needlessly or carelessly led them into danger, and never forced their inclinations, they were, to use an expressive proverbial saying, ready to "follow him blind;" and the result, in almost every case, justified their confidence. He studied to make each man feel his individual weight and consequence, and to lead each to act always in accordance with the voluntary principle, as we have already observed. All thus acting *willingly* were content that he should be the sole guardian of his own purposes; and they even watched his cook, to discover when he was preparing an extra quantity of Marion's provision, and govern their own movements accordingly. State he never affected, nor could he, from his slight frame accomplish personal

deeds of remarkable prowess. His sword was so seldom flourished, that it is related that he once found it difficult to draw from the scabbard, on account of the rust. His was a pure empire of mind; and in his narrower sphere he was a Napoleon. Never were the great Emperor's guard more attached to their commander, than were Marion's men to the partisan chieftain who so often led them to victory.

But it is time to resume the thread of our narrative. Just at this juncture several affairs occurred, the precise order and date of which it is difficult to fix. One of these was the surprise of Major Gainey, who was regarded as one of the best partisan officers in the British service. He held a position on Britton's Neck; and Marion, advancing with his usual celerity, dispersed the party, killing a captain and several privates, but without the loss of a man. He came near, however, losing the gallant Major James. That officer, singling out Gainey for pursuit, followed him alone and unsupported, till he suddenly found himself confronted by a large body of Tories, who had rallied. Here was a dangerous position for a single man; but with the ready presence of mind which so often stood the partisan in lieu of numbers, Major James waved his sword and shouted, "Come on, boys! Here they are!" The

Tories supposing, of course, that Major James led the attacking party, broke once more, and made their escape from *one man*, by taking to the swamp; and James, successful in his *ruse*, returned in safety to his comrades. A second party of Tories, under command of Captain Barfield, was next defeated as completely as Gainey had been; and, with ammunition replenished, Marion returned to Britton's Neck, where he mounted two old field-pieces, which were among his recent captures.

These bold and striking movements of Marion, inasmuch as they kept the fire of patriotism awake, and mocked the security upon which the Tories counted, compelled the British commander to take extraordinary measures to quiet *Mr. Marion*, as they persisted in calling him, unwilling to recognize the military rank of the leader whom they could not conquer. Tarleton's Legion, another body of British troops, under Colonel Wemyss, and a detachment of Tories, under Major Harrison, were despatched in pursuit. The Tories were auxiliary to the command of Wemyss. Marion, whose force was at this time only about one hundred and fifty men, found it necessary to retreat toward North Carolina, leaving Wemyss to get recruits ready for the American army, when it should return. This the British officer did most effectually; unwittingly performing

a service for the cause of freedom, which was bitterly rued by his Tory allies. The British General's method of strengthening the Americans was by fire and sword. The region through which he passed in his advance, seventy miles long, and fifteen in breadth, was absolutely *burned over*. Private enmity, to satisfy an old grudge, had only to point out to the British commander the residence of the person hated as that of "a rebel," and, upon this accusation, the buildings were destroyed by fire, and the cattle and sheep driven off or slaughtered. In order to render the wanton destruction more complete, the marauding British commander would not suffer the furniture to be taken from the houses which he fired; and if the inhabitants escaped with their lives, they were fortunate.

Wemyss carried out the instructions of Cornwallis, which we have quoted in a preceding chapter, to the letter; varying his fiendish course with the execution, now and then, of some person who had committed the crime of taking up arms for his country. The prayers and entreaties of the unhappy relatives, the cries of children in behalf of a father, or of parents for a child, the stay of their old age; the wails of the wife who saw her husband seized by the ruthless foe—nothing availed with this fiendish marauder. In one instance it is

related that he would have ridden over the wife and children of a prisoner, who threw themselves across his path to beseech him for the life of the husband and father, had not his officers interposed to prevent him, for very shame, from committing a crime so brutal. Churches he burned with sacrilegious indifference, denouncing them as "sedition shops," and, in a word, he appeared to rack his invention for modes in which to exhibit his absence of human sympathy or human feeling.

Before deciding to retreat, Marion with his small force hung for a while upon the skirts of Wemyss. Major James preceded Marion with a reconnoitring party; and, as not unusual with Marion's scouts, he very frequently brought away prisoners as well as information; pouncing, with a shout, upon straggling parties in the rear, and sweeping away captives in a flash. But the observations of Major James were such as convinced Marion of the inutility of attempting to do anything against the force which Wemyss led; and it is recorded that Marion's men sat upon their horses in anxious suspense to hear what decision the officers would reach after consulting with Major James's report before them. When the order was given to march back to Lynch's Creek, a groan was audible along the whole line, but Marion's men were accustomed to obey.

The retreat decided upon, Marion took his measures at once. As he moved toward the North, his men, as had been directed, disappeared, one by one, leaving him only about sixty. The field-pieces he carried with him a short distance, but finding little use, in his peculiar mode of warfare, for such cumbersome arms, he caused them to be turned into a swamp and left. He despatched scouting parties of tried men back to South Carolina, to watch the enemy and keep him advised of their movements, and also to encourage the Whigs, and induce them to hold themselves in readiness for service, when occasion should present itself. And well Marion knew, from the character of the enemy, that, as we have already seen, their conduct was precisely of a description to second his efforts.

Many anecdotes of Marion's scouts are among the legends of South Carolina. One party of four, in charge of Captain Gavin Witherspoon, performed a feat which is among the most remarkable. We should rather say, that Witherspoon himself did the work, his men merely aiding when they could, for very astonishment, do nothing else. Witherspoon, having discovered a party of Tories, who were in pursuit of him, encamped, proposed to his party that they should watch the Tories until they slept. But the three were disinclined to this experiment

They said the number of the enemy was so much superior, that no good could come of it. Captain Witherspoon then resolved to watch the party alone.

Putting in practice the arts of an experienced scout, he worked himself silently near enough to ascertain the exact position of the party. Having no fear of interruption, the Tories had disposed themselves to sleep at the butt of a prostrate pine, while their arms were piled against one of its branches. Witherspoon worked himself up till he had gained possession of their guns, and then, in a loud voice, summoned the sleepers to surrender. Unarmed, and knowing by the direction of the voice, and perhaps by the click of a gun-lock, where the challenger stood, and presuming, of course, that he was well backed, the party submitted, and Witherspoon's followers now came up, in season to assist him in securing the seven persons whom he had captured.

The several parties in pursuit of Marion, supposing that they had entirely broken up his force, and that retreat was equivalent to defeat, rested. The British returned to Georgetown, and the Tories to Black Mingo. Now, in accordance with his tactics, was the time for Marion to strike. He knew that the apparent quiet into which the cruelties of the enemy had reduced the country, was the

silent brooding of revenge, which waited but its opportunity ; and, though his party was small, he counted on strong reinforcements as soon as the whisper should run from cabin to cabin, and from swamp to swamp, " Marion is coming ! "

Hurrying forward, night and day, on the second day of his journey he had accomplished sixty miles, and at Lynch's Creek was joined by a party of Whigs, under Captains James and Mouzon. The Tories were fifteen miles distant, at Black Mingo. They were encamped near a ferry, over a deep and rapid stream, which ferry, of course, they commanded, so that they felt sure against attack. But about a mile above the Tory camp was a bridge of planks, the approach to which was over a rude causeway through a bog—and this pass the Tories had left unwatched. Marion's party reached it at midnight, and, crossing it at a gallop, soon gained the high road on the other side, the bridge being on a bye-path. As they crossed, the alarm-gun sounded from the Tory camp ; and, the enemy having been by some means apprised of their approach, the affair which Marion intended should have been a surprise, became a sharply contested skirmish.

Marion's disposition of his forces was made in an instant. He went in his expeditions prepared for any turn affairs might take, and ready to seize what

ever disadvantage circumstances might present. A party of picked men, under Captain Waties, was sent to gain the rear of the encampment, and attack a house in which it was supposed the Tories were posted. The rest of the party advanced to the attack with great impetuosity, but were received with a galling fire, the Tories having left the house, and being formed and ready to repel their assailants. The Tory party outnumbered the other at least two to one.

For a moment Marion's men staggered, but quickly rallied, and returned to the charge. The defence was resolute and brave, and the result sanguinary. Had it not been for the precaution taken by Marion, the issue might have been doubtful; but at this moment Captain Waties, finding the house which he was ordered to attack deserted, came up in the rear of the enemy. The Tory commander, Captain John C. Ball, had fallen, and several other officers; and now finding themselves between two fires, as Captain Waties vigorously pushed his attack, the enemy broke in great precipitation, and took refuge in the swamp. The force was completely annihilated; and it was a long time before the spirits of the Tories recovered from a defeat so thorough.

This advantage was gained with much greater

proportional loss of men than almost any other in which Marion was engaged; for his plan of conducting the war was to spare human life. Fully one-third of the troops which he commanded were killed or wounded. Among the former was Captain Logan, and among the latter were Captain Mouzon and Lieutenant Scott. The loss of the Tories was even greater. The affair would have resulted in a defeat of the enemy quite as useful, and at much less expense of life, but for the alarm which was given by the horses' hoofs on Black Mingo Bridge; and from that time Marion never suffered his troops to ride over a bridge in the night, till the precaution had first been taken to cover it with the soldiers' blankets, to prevent the sounding of the horses' hoofs upon the planks.

CHAPTER VIII.

Serjeant Macdonald and the Tory—Marion's Horse, "Ball"—His preference for Fords, over Bridges—His contempt of Luxury—Colonel Peter Horry's Horsemanship—Good Result from an accident—Marion's Commission as Brigadier, and Horry's as Colonel—The Value of these Commissions—Surprise of the Tories on the Pedee.



AFTER the defeat of the Tories at Black Mingo, Marion gave his soldiers rest. Indeed, there was, just then, little else to do. The Whigs did not, like the loyalists, amuse themselves by burning houses, when no body of the enemy presented itself, nor did they seek single loyalists, and drag them from their beds and from their families. Sometimes, it is true, artifice or plunder was resorted to against wealthy Tories on private account. Such was the trick played by a serjeant in Marion's Brigade, a young Scot named Macdonald. He went to a wealthy and well-known Tory, who resided near Tarleton's encampment, and, representing himself to be a serjeant in Tarleton's legion, bearing a message from his commander, was received with a profusion of

compliments, and great civility. It was considered a high honour by the wealthy loyalist to be remembered in so distinguished a manner by the British officer. Macdonald then, with unblushing effrontery, stated that Colonel Tarleton, knowing the excellent character of his stables, had sent, with his compliments, for one of his best horses, for the Colonel's own riding. This was a testimonial alike to his loyalty and to his "knowledge in horse-flesh," which the loyalist could not withstand; and, as the serjeant took pains to make the message sufficiently adulatory to the distinguished devotion of the Tory to the royal cause, the dupe gave him his very best, his own favourite steed, and added a new saddle and splendid equipments. The serjeant was furthermore feasted with a hot and comfortable breakfast—a rare treat to one of Marion's men, and then despatched with a message to Tarleton full of the heartiest thanks for his consideration; as if the person who gave, and not the officer who received the splendid present was the party obliged. The old loyalist called at the camp, of course, to receive the Colonel's acknowledgments; and was not a little chagrined, as we may well suppose, when he discovered the trick which had been played upon him. This adventure put Serjeant Macdonald in possession of one of the finest horses in the Brigade.

It was justified on the plea that "all is fair in war;" but we think that even the Serjeant himself would have valued his charger more if it had been obtained in a fair fight, with an open enemy.

Marion himself rode, during a great part of his campaigns, a famous horse, named Ball, in compliment to his former owner, a loyalist captain from whom he had taken him; the same Captain Ball who fell at Black Mingo, as stated in our last chapter. This horse was as celebrated among quadrupeds as Marion was among men. He "took to the water," as the phrase is, like a Newfoundland dog; and his master put unlimited confidence in him. And Marion had need of a horse who could swim, for as with all his daring he was a man of slight muscular powers, so, notwithstanding that he preferred fords to bridges, he could not swim. Yet, it was his custom to destroy all bridges in his routes, where practicable, in order to prevent the marches of large bodies of the enemy; and he avoided crossing them himself with his party, on account of the noise. He plunged his horse Ball into the rivers, at the head of his troop; and the horses of the Brigade, emulating Ball's example, learned to follow. This was one of the methods by which Marion made so many surprises; for a river was no protection against the flying visits of Marion's troop.

They were cumbered with no artillery, and no baggage. Much of the time Marion himself had not even a blanket; for his bed of brush caught fire one night, and not only destroyed his blanket, but singed his own hair, and spoiled his famous leather cap. This was the only time, we believe, that Marion was ever "surprised" in his encampment. He was in no hurry to replace the lost article, either because it was not convenient, or that he would teach his men self-denial. Such privations and contempt of comfort on the part of the chief made the men hardy. They remind one of the Highland chieftain, who, when he found that one of his clan had rolled together a large snow-ball for a pillow, broke it to pieces with a kick, protesting that he would permit no such luxuries!

But Marion was not the only one of his party who could not swim. It is wonderful what enthusiastic patriotism, and the love of adventure, will lead men to dare. Colonel Peter Horry, of whom we have often spoken, not only could not swim, but was a wretchedly poor horseman; and yet went dashing through with the Brigade, "neck or nothing." On one occasion, while swimming a swamp, he was caught by a hanging bough, in the dark, and his horse swam away from him. He slung to the tree until rescued by his men; and

indeed, on more than one occasion, owed his life to them. He was often unhorsed in combat, and in one case at least such an accident was the cause of success, instead of disaster.

Colonel Horry's men, being surprised by the enemy, suddenly, and with more speed than courage, retreated. The gallant Colonel cried after them to halt, feeling conscious, perhaps, that in such a steeple chase he would stand a small chance; but they hurried off without paying any attention to his orders. When he found he needs must, he clapped spurs to his horse, and attempted to follow; but his steed embraced the opportunity to toss the gallant Colonel over his head "full ten feet," as Horry himself describes it; and it must be acknowledged, that this was high vaulting. Fortunately, the Colonel received no hurt, but recovering his legs in an instant, shouted again to his men to "halt and form!" The pursuers by this time began to suspect, as Marion's men were not much in the habit of running from an enemy, that this flight was a trick, and hesitated for fear of an ambush. The Colonel's followers, missing their leader, and seeing his dangerous predicament, rallied and returned, and just as the British renewed their advance, Horry's party opened upon them a fire, which took with such effect that several of their number were

killed, and the rest put to flight. Horry replaced his horse by shooting, with his pistol, a British soldier who was on the point of hewing him down. Thus was the Colonel's awkwardness the means of preserving the character of his troop; though it must be acknowledged that skill is a much surer dependence in an extremity than accident.

About the time of the affair at Black Mingo, Governor Rutledge, who was still in North Carolina, sent to Marion a Brigadier General's commission. It conferred upon him, in addition to the usual military rank, extraordinary powers, such as are only granted to extraordinary men, at imminent junctures. It is not the least honourable feature in Marion's history, that so far from abusing the almost dictatorial authority which was conferred upon him, he hardly ever used it. He seldom received any but voluntary supplies from the inhabitants, holding it as an axiom that it was better to live upon the enemy than upon friends; and this considerate treatment of the impoverished inhabitants procured him much more aid than he could have wrested from them. It made them also firm, though often necessarily concealed friends; and many, even in the Tory districts, whose loyalty was unsuspected, secretly kept him advised of the movements of the enemy. Governor Rutledge showed his apprecia

tion of character, and his knowledge of the proper qualities of a partisan officer, in the commission which he granted to Marion. He had seen the failures of "regular" officers, and knew that, in the peculiar warfare of which Carolina was the scene, Marion's tactics offered the only mode of keeping up any show of resistance to the enemy. Horry was not forgotten either; for the same messenger which brought Marion's commission as Brigadier, likewise brought his friend's as Colonel.

We have from Horry's own pen his high appreciation of the honour done him. Indeed, the worthy but ambitious soldier appears to have been greatly elated. He idolized Marion; and to be appointed colonel in his Brigade was a reward sufficient for all his past services, and a spur to future exertions. General Marion, who was a man, as we have seen, of cooler head, and one who had little taste for titles and military state, seems to have smiled at the idea of Governor Rutledge in making him a military commander, and almost a civil despot, in a tract of country over which the British had, at that time, absolute sway and command, except so far as Marion himself disturbed them in it. While he kept his precarious foothold, shifting from swamp to swamp, and from thicket to thicket, he had done it independently of the American government, as well

as in spite of the British. But he was too good a soldier, and understood human nature too well, not to know that there is strength in a name; and he found, in his after-experience, that the militia came out even more readily to serve under *General Marion*, than they did before he held that title. With this authority, added to his personal popularity and wonderful reputation for courage, and, what is a more potent consideration, for *success*, he was a much more efficient officer after Governor Rutledge's paper reached him than before—blank as that paper might have seemed in the grant of what the writer, himself not possessing, could not grant to another.

After the affair at Black Mingo, the next considerable event was the surprise and breaking up of a Tory gathering on the Pedee. When Marion received advice of the collection of the Tories, he was just preparing to resume the field, and had perhaps already put his men in motion. They were refreshed and invigorated by the hospitalities and patriotism of the wealthy Whigs in Waccamaw, and were ready for adventure, though many of the Brigade were absent by Marion's indulgent custom of granting furloughs, before spoken of. Both from his regular scouts, and from the volunteer information of the patriots, who now considered Genera.

Marion's flag the rallying point of the friends of their country, he was informed of the fact that a British officer had arrived at a certain place on the Little Pedee river, provided with arms, munitions, and provisions, to raise, organize, and equip a loyal company. The first object of this party was to seek Marion, and on this occasion, as on many others, he saved those who would seek him the trouble of a search, by presenting himself to them with more alacrity and promptness than they expected or desired.

Horry's account of the arrival of the messenger, as recorded by Weems, is, like much of that writer's book, very animated and amusing. The boy, or "likely young fellow," as he is called, warned the General that he must keep a sharp look out; for the British recruiting officer had brought up a matter of "two wagon loads of guns, great big English muskets—you can *turn your thumb* in them easy enough!" Besides the guns, there were pistols and bayonets, and swords and saddles—all the et-ceteras and conveniences of warfare, which the brigade of Marion sadly lacked, and which formed the most alluring temptation that could be held out to men who had been glad to put up with fowling pieces, and were enviably equipped when they could command buck-shot.

On the evening after receiving the intelligence Marion put his men in motion. They travelled at a round pace all night, and at daybreak were within ten miles of the place of rendezvous. But to move by daylight was no part of Marion's policy; so his party took refuge and concealment in a convenient swamp, as was their custom. Scouts were then sent out to watch the road, and gain intelligence; and at night they returned, bringing news of the movement of many men, all tending toward the place of which Marion had been notified. Colonel Tynes had summoned the loyal to meet at that point, and organize for operations against the enemies of the King.

At night the hardy soldiers, invigorated with their day's rest in the swamp—a rest which would have been sad fatigue to soldiers of any other stamp—took to the saddle again. A short ride brought them in sight of the encampment fires; for the loyal partisans seem never to have learned the caution and craftiness of the “rebels.” Marion was never thus surprised. Dismounting, and leaving their horses at a safe distance, to avoid alarm by the noise of their hoofs, and to act on foot as the character of the spot best served, Marion's party crept up, and took a hasty, but sufficient survey of the enemy.

With a lack of caution which appears almost incredible, they appear to have neglected even to post a sentinel. Perhaps the force was not yet organized; and as they imagined Marion was sixty or seventy miles distant, and more likely to retreat from them than to advance, they did not think it necessary to annoy new recruits with camp regulations. Three fires were burning, at which pigs, turkeys, and corn bread were in preparation for supper; whiskey had done, and was doing its work, fiddlers were playing, and the King's new levies, some dancing, some singing, and some drinking, little recked the terrible interruption of their festivity which was at hand.

Marion had with him sixty men. These he hastily divided into parties of twenty, one party for each fire, and at the flash of his pistol, as the signal, the whole sixty discharged their muskets upon the unsuspecting revellers. Awful was the confusion. The shrieks of the wounded as they fell, the groans of the dying—the frightened shouts of the fugitives who bounded off into the swamp—the neighing and plunging of frightened and wounded horses, and snapping of the young trees and branches as men and horses forced their way—all conspired to aid a scene of terror which mocks description.

Marion's men did not wait to repeat their fire. It would have been not merely unnecessary, but impolitic and cruel. Instantly running up, the commander of the party was secured as a prisoner, as also were some dozen men, whose surprise and consternation had not left them self-possession to escape. The precise number of killed and wounded is not known. Weems says twenty-three killed, and as many wounded, but this is probably an over-estimate. The baggage and arms captured were considerable, and most acceptable. There were nearly a hundred muskets, with ammunition; and many horses were also secured. The vanquished party carried nothing away—the cards, fiddles, and bows were dropped and left upon the spot. It is said that some of the unhappy wretches were actually shot with their cards in their hands; and that in one case at least the death-grip was not relaxed, but the dead gambler clung still to his cards.

How terrible is war! The sight of one violent death in time of peace would mar the comfort of all who beheld it. These men, inured to distress and danger by their profession, and necessarily indifferent to human suffering, removed the dead aside; took the best care they could of the comfort of the wounded, for Marion's command included

no surgeon ; reloaded the guns, and set the sentinels, and then, after their two days' fasting, sat down and supped heartily upon the rude, but substantial viands which had been prepared for their foes.

CHAPTER IX.

Tory Recruits—Capture of Colonel Tynes—Effects of Marion's success—British Testimony—Marion's Mode of Punishment—His great Influence—Tarleton despatched in Pursuit—Alarm by the Burning of Dwellings—Narrow Escape of Marion—Tarleton's Energy—His Abandonment of the Pursuit—Result of the Expedition—Sumter's Movements—Defeat of Wemyss—Defeat of a Detachment under Tarleton—Wound of Sumter.



N the affair, with the account of which the last chapter closes, by far the greater number of the Tory party made their escape to the swamp. It may surprise the reader to hear that many of the fugitives afterward presented themselves to Marion, and were enrolled in his brigade. The same thing was done on several other similar occasions. To understand how this change could take place, the reader must remember what has been stated in a previous part of this book; that the colonists were not permitted to remain neutral, but, having accepted protection, were compelled to bear arms. Or if this extremity of compulsion were not resorted to, the people knew

that not to take up arms for the King was to be suspected of disaffection ; and to be suspected was, in those troublous times, to be proceeded against. Very few were so situated that they could remain inactive ; and many who would gladly have borne arms for their country, if a force had been present to protect them, were driven, in self-defence, into bearing arms against her. It is related of ancient generals that they placed deserters from the enemy in the posts where most desperate courage was required, as it was supposed, and justly, that men who knew that death awaited them if captured, would sooner lose their lives in battle than to be made prisoners for ignominious execution. Undoubtedly the same policy, though not to so great an extent, guided Marion. Men who had once borne arms for the King were mercilessly executed, if taken in arms against him ; and our partisan General could with confidence count on the bravery of soldiers who voluntarily incurred such a danger. There was no compulsion, and no terror was used to force men into the patriot ranks ; while, on the other side, intimidation was a common mode of forcing levies.

There appears to be some confusion in the accounts of Marion's movements at this period. Weems makes Marion a night or two after attack

another Tory encampment, which was in charge of Colonel Tynes, and over which, pouncing upon the enemy at midnight, he obtained as complete a victory as in the other instance. Mr. Simms, who has carefully digested the different narratives, supposes there was but one battle. At any rate Colonel Tynes was made a prisoner, and his hopes of Tory levies were blasted. The second attack is represented to have been made on a post on the northern branch of the Black River.

The successes and sudden movements of Marion very much annoyed the loyalists; and in the same degree elated the Whigs. News was also received of the approach of General Greene, with the remains of Gates's army, and additional recruits. Marion was keeping the fire alive until his arrival; and preserving rather more than the mere show of resistance. The conquered state would not remain conquered; for Marion appeared everywhere present, and gave large parties of the Tories sufficient to do to trace and pursue him. The singular and almost anomalous character of his troops—fighting for love of country only, without pay and without rations—made them but the more desperate enemies to contend with. They had no military pride and state to support, and, as we have already stated, when to hold together was inadvisable, disappeared

at once in swamp and thicket, mocking pursuit, like the ignis fatuus.

The British officers, as sufficiently appears from their correspondence, and from their published memoirs, were fully sensible of his efficiency. This example started up other partisans in different directions, some of which did not hesitate to push even to the very gates of Charleston. Chafed and embittered by the cruelties which the loyalists visited upon them, and eager in the hate which a civil war always engenders, they only needed example to induce them to act; and the adventures of Marion, exaggerated no doubt in the recital, carried the spirit of adventure wherever they were related. It was a thing to boast of to have served, even if on one expedition only, in his company; and this feeling put in his power a mode of punishment at once easily applied and effective. Poltroonery and other unworthy conduct he punished by expulsion from the brigade, causing notice thereof to be posted in places where it could be read; and this was the severest penalty that he ever found it necessary to inflict. The scorn of the true-hearted, and the public contempt, were punishment enough. His influence over his fellow-citizens was immense; and although Cornwallis, judging others by his own policy, chose to attribute this influence

to the terror of his punishments, and the promise of plunder, all contemporaneous accounts unite in giving this assertion a contradiction. He was never cruel, and in regard to plunder always spared property, and forbore to waste or burn. That he did not take provisions and munitions of war from the known enemies of freedom is not pretended; for such necessaries were legitimate spoil. The food of himself and men was of a marvellously meagre description. There was no riot or wassail among them; and the wonder is, that upon a diet so meagre, they supported their fatigues so well, and executed such feats of activity and daring.

It became highly necessary that *Mr.* Marion, as the British styled him, should be caught, or driven out of the state. Colonel Tarleton, who had a high reputation for activity, undertook the feat; but he very narrowly escaped capture himself, while on his way from Charleston to join his legion, which he had ordered to meet him on the Wateree. Nothing but the celerity of his movements, in which he was nearer a match for Marion than any other officer in the British service, saved him. Marion placed his men in ambush at Nelson's Ferry, where he thought Tarleton must cross, but unfortunately the Colonel had passed two days before. When Marion learned this fact, supposing that Tarleton

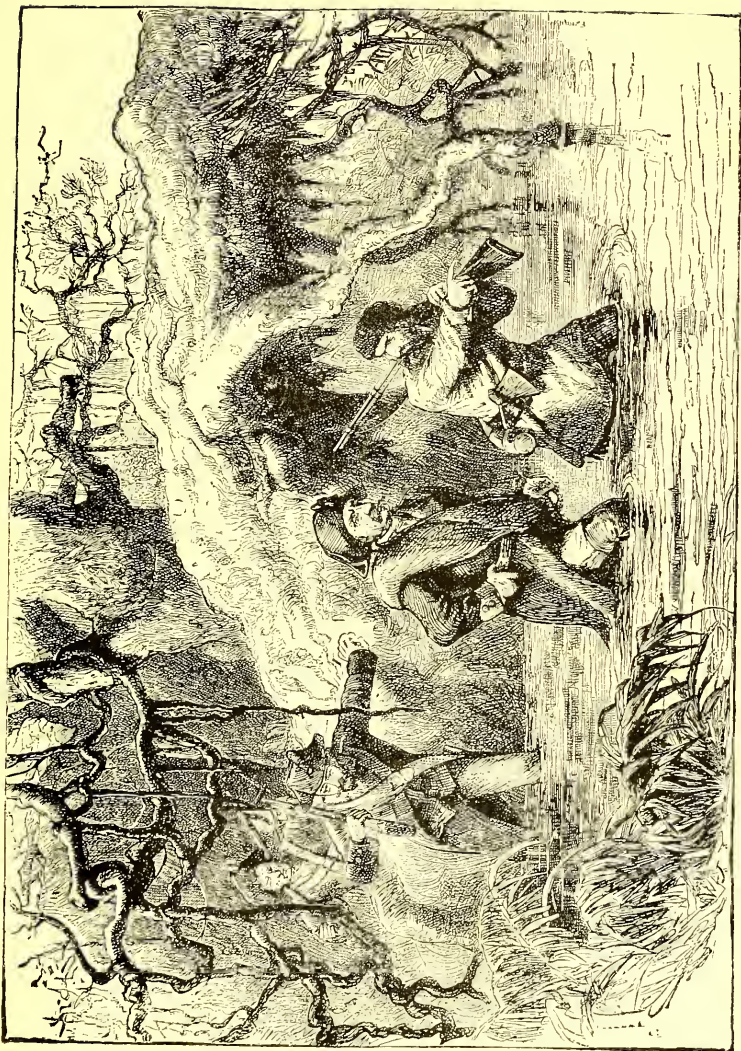
had still only the small body of horse with him with which he left Charleston, he pushed on in pursuit; and might have fallen into a bad predicament, but for the propensity in which Tarleton must indulge, of burning houses.

Marion had taken a strong post in the woods, unconscious of the proximity of Tarleton, who, having effected a junction with his legion, was only a few miles off. His suspicions were awakened by two circumstances. The first was that rare event, the disappearance of one of his men, under circumstances which made it evident that he had deserted to the enemy. The other was a bright light in the direction of the residence of General Richardson, a well-known Whig. Marion knew too well the character of the progress of the enemy not to suspect what this indicated. His doubts were soon set at rest by the arrival of General Richardson at his encampment, with the news that Tarleton was with his whole force at the plantation, and that the fires which Marion saw were from the burning of the buildings.

Marion's determination was at once taken. He moved off into the swamp, pursuing a path which no man but his would have undertaken by night. Hardly was he out of the place, when Tarleton's forces moved into it, under the guidance of the

deserter. Sure of his prey, he was deeply chagrined to find the active partisan gone. Marion was but a few hours in his new position before he changed again, and retreated some twenty-five or thirty miles farther, to Benbow's Ferry. This position he strengthened by felling trees, and placing other obstructions; and here, with his force, now numbering about five hundred men, he waited Tarleton's approach.

That officer, with his usual impetuosity, pushed on to the second place of encampment in pursuit. Again the careful commander, as we have seen, had eluded him. Marion had planted himself now where the advantages of his position compensated for the superiority of the enemy's force; and nothing could have suited our hero better than the approach of Tarleton. But that officer, having marched twenty-five miles, now found a dismal swamp before him, and Marion still ten miles distant. It is said that at the sight of Ox Swamp, as it was called, he gave up, discouraged. His men and horses were wearied; the ground before him was such as he knew Marion's men were at home in, and the whole prospect was too ambiguous. "Come, boys," he said, "we'll go back. We can soon find the *game cock*—but as for this *swamp fox*, there is no catching him." By the game cock he meant Sumter; and



from this speech of Tarleton's the two partisans were respectively honoured by their followers with the above titles.

The result of this expedition very much chagrined Colonel Tarleton, while to Marion it was almost as good as a victory, and produced a greater effect in his favour than even his famous surprises of parties of the enemy. Tarleton had been regarded as almost invincible. Every thing he had undertaken had produced some result; inso-much that his pursuit was considered as almost inevitable capture. But Marion had proved too wily for him; and without the loss of a man had shown that even Colonel Tarleton could be foiled. The circumstance that the Americans, when they might have crossed the Black River, and effectually eluded pursuit, waited on the same side of it for an enemy who did not advance, lost nothing in the narration. Tarleton in his memoirs labours hard to make it appear that Marion's retreat was a flight of pure fear, and that his pursuer abandoned the chase only because he was recalled by Lord Cornwallis. But the utmost that can be fairly admitted is that Tarleton readily improved a pretext to abandon the chase, of which he would not have been in such haste to avail himself if he had not been completely foiled by *Mr.* Marion. Certain it seems

that if he had pushed on to the position of Marion the result would have been anything but triumphant for the British arms; and the sharpshooters of the brigade would have given the wearied loyalists such a reception as it was well judged in Tarleton not to risk.

Quitting the *swamp fox* to pursue the *game cock*, Tarleton met with little better success in that quarter. Sumter had reappeared in arms; and as he was scarcely less troublesome than Marion, Cornwallis despatched Tarleton to pursue him. General Sumter, with a mocking courage, had advanced within twenty-eight miles of the encampment of Cornwallis, at Winnsboro'. Colonel Wemyss was despatched by the British commander-in-chief to surprise Sumter; but Sumter surprised Cornwallis by defeating the attacking force, and severely wounding and capturing Wemyss. Then Tarleton was ordered after the partisan with a large force, and in the sure expectation of defeating him. The American General saw no propriety in waiting to be overwhelmed by a heavier force than his own, and retreated. Tarleton, who with all his impetuosity and courage lacked judgment, pushed after him with four hundred mounted men, thinking he had nothing to do but to overtake a fugitive. But when Sumter, who did not run without knowing

from what he ran, perceived that Tarleton was pursuing him with a detachment only, he halted on the banks of the Tyger River, and received him with such a destructive and rapid fire that a total defeat of the British party occurred. Tarleton lost a hundred killed, and had twice as many wounded. The Americans, with a disparity which seems hardly credible, had only six, killed and wounded. But among the wounded, and very severely too, was General Sumter. His men made a conveyance of a bullock's hide, suspended between two horses, and in this way, guarded by a hundred devoted followers, he was carried over the line to North Carolina; where for a long time he rested, incapable of service. But the blow he had given the terrible Tarleton, hitherto unconquered, was a most important event, and the opening of better and brighter prospects.

CHAPTER X.

British Reinforcements from New York sent to the South—Frustration of the Enemy's Plans—Pursuit of Major Ferguson by the Americans—Battle of King's Mountain—Total Defeat of the Tories—Cornwallis falls back to Winnsboro—Leslie ordered to Charleston by Sea—Chain of British Posts—Marion's Movements—Incidents near Georgetown—The Whig Lady's Artifice—Defeat of Melton—Murder of Marion's Nephew—Affair with Colonel Gainey—Unhappy Character of the Contest.



COLONEL TARLETON found it politic and convenient to denominate the severe check which he had received from Sumter a *victory*. Congress was, however, so well satisfied with the character of this victory that it was made the subject of a resolution of thanks to General Sumter and his command. The severe wound of their leader indeed induced the militia under Sumter to disperse; but he kept possession of the ground long enough for Tarleton to have followed up the *victory*, had he been so disposed.

The pertinacious and hardy course of Marion, and of other partisan leaders, caused a defeat of the British plan of the campaign. After the defeat of Gates, it was thought by Sir Henry Clinton that of course no serious opposition could be made to Cornwallis in the Carolinas. South Carolina was regarded as a conquered state, and North Carolina as in nearly the same position. Sir Henry despatched a body of troops, about three thousand in number, to the South, to complete and extend the conquest. These troops were to take possession of the Southern part of Virginia, and thus add to what was deemed the conquered area; and no doubt was entertained that an easy junction would be effected between General Leslie, with his reinforcement, and Lord Cornwallis.

But, during the progress of events which we have been describing in South Carolina, there had been warm work in the North state. British and Tory messengers had been sent there, urging the loyalists to take up arms and declare their allegiance; and Major Ferguson embodied a large party of loyalists in the western part of North Carolina. After his force was organized, he delayed his march to meet Cornwallis, who was advancing toward North Carolina. His delay was intended to intercept a company of Whigs, which had been

raised by Colonel Clarke; but far from intercepting or checking any movement of the Americans, it resulted in a final and most conclusive check to Major Ferguson and his command.

Several companies of Whig volunteers combined, and new accessions were daily made to them. The whole were under command of Colonel Campoell of Virginia, who was appointed by General Gates, at the request of the volunteers; and Major Ferguson found, in view of these formidable demonstrations, that it became highly necessary for him to retreat toward the south. This he did with no inconsiderable degree of expedition; but he was as sharply pursued. Nine hundred picked men were detached from the American army to follow him; and as he found he must inevitably be overtaken, he chose a strong position on King's Mountain, and awaited the attack. He had sent several messengers to apprise Lord Cornwallis of his danger; but in every case they were intercepted.

When the Americans came up, they immediately rushed to the assault with great impetuosity. The action lasted about an hour, becoming general in about five minutes from the time of its commencement. The assailants received several repulses, made by the British forces with the courage of desperation; but while Ferguson was driving back

one corps of his assailants with the bayonet, the galling fire of the rest called off his attention. 'The fiercely contested struggle ended with the death of the British commander, who died instantly of his wound; and the courage of his soldiers gave way with the death of their gallant chief. They demanded quarter, and eight hundred and ten surrendered, of whom one hundred were British troops. One hundred and fifty of the loyalist party were killed upon the field, and about as many wounded—and fifteen hundred stand of arms were taken. The loss of the Americans was inconsiderable, as they fought under cover of trees, wherever possible; but among the killed was Colonel Williams of South Carolina.

We are sorry to state that at the conclusion of this engagement ten of the most active of the loyalists were selected from among the prisoners, and hanged upon the spot. This was done in retaliation for the executions which Cornwallis ordered, after the battle of Camden; and much as we must deplore such an occurrence, we cannot be surprised at it. It was a means of checking such executions by the enemy, which finds precedents in all warfare. The cruelty of one party causes the other to be inhuman, and innocent prisoners are usually made to suffer, in retaliation for the treatment which others receive in a similar situation.

The suddenly mustered volunteers who had assembled to attack Ferguson, having more completely accomplished the object of their rally than their most sanguine expectations led them to hope, dispersed and returned to their homes. This very circumstance made the posture of things seem more formidable to Cornwallis. If it had been an army raised to be kept in the field which had performed this feat, there would have been hope that its destruction would ultimately have broken the strength of the Whigs, and prevented the rallying of another force. But when men started from their plantations, apparently by a common and simultaneous impulse—demolished a hostile party, and then returned to their homes, ready to rise again when another occasion for action presented itself—the case was much more serious. Such an enemy can never be found, except when its own choice brings it into the field; and when men thus rise, it is usually to victory: choosing their own time, they have, so to speak, the war in their own hands.

Cornwallis fell back to Winnsboro, where in the last chapter we spoke of his position. The troops sent from New York by Sir Henry Clinton had overrun and taken possession of some of the Virginia counties on the James River, but were at this time quartered in Portsmouth; which place Gene-

ra! Leslie had begun to fortify, when he received orders from Lord Cornwallis to proceed to Charleston by sea. The North Carolina experience of the loyalists, and the necessity which Leslie had discovered for making himself snug in Portsmouth, had changed the estimate of "conquered country" on which the movements of Leslie had been originally planned. And at Winnsboro Cornwallis was compelled to be content to wait for the arrival of reinforcements. Meanwhile, as related in the chapter preceding, Marion was found so troublesome, that Tarleton was despatched on his ineffectual mission to take him; and Sumter was so audacious as to sit down almost within gun-shot of Cornwallis himself, and to defeat the parties sent to take him.

The British posts in South Carolina and Georgia were judiciously chosen, both for the purposes of arming and defending the Tories and obtaining subsistence. The principal points held by the British were: Georgetown, Camden, Winnsboro, Ninety-Six, and Augusta; and within this chain or circle several others, on the routes from one to another of the main posts. Marion by his scouts and spies was aware of the movements and intentions of the enemy; and it can hardly be considered a mere figure of speech to say that the British were

practically prisoners at these several points. They could not move between them, except with a heavy force, without the danger of being pounced upon by parties of the quick-moving partisans; and even when large bodies marched they were not secure from sudden onsets, by parties who did not wait to receive any return. Prisoners and baggage were suddenly snatched away; and the very guns of the posts offered no intimidation to the daring assailants.

One of the posts which we have mentioned, Georgetown, Marion resolved to surprise, and made his dispositions accordingly. He advanced with caution and secrecy to a swamp within two miles of Georgetown, where he concealed the main body of his troops, and sent two parties under Major Horry and Captain Melton to reconnoitre. Horry's party, while in ambush at the side of the road, saw two mounted officers accompanying two ladies in a chaise. These they did not deem it worth while to molest; both because it would create an alarm, with small advantage if any, and because it would unnecessarily expose the women. As the Georgetown gallants approached the woods, the ladies became alarmed, and decided to proceed to a friend's house near; while the officers returned to Georgetown. Horry and his men, unaware of the message upon which the officers returned, which was

to procure an escort, repaired also to the house of a well-known Whig, to procure refreshment.

Not a little to their surprise, when the partisans reached the house, they found the two ladies there who had passed them upon the road; and these ladies immediately commenced beseeching them to go away, assuring them that the family was poor; and begging, as the master of it was absent, they would not affright women. The lady of the house said not a word while all this was going on, but managed to procure an instant's interview with Horry. Her position was indeed difficult. If she entertained the party, she would run the risk of having the house burned down by the British. She apprised Horry that the officers had returned to town for an escort; and begged him to threaten violence, and storm in such a way that it would appear he robbed the house and barn of refreshments, to which she assured him he was heartily welcome. The stranger ladies were loyalists, from Georgetown; and "such was the farce," Horry remarks, "which the Whigs in those days, both ladies and gentlemen, were obliged to play when they had any of their Tory acquaintances about them."

Hardly had man and horse eaten of the food procured by this pretended robbery, when Horry's sentinels gave the alarm. The men instantly sprung

to their saddles. The escort for which the officers had been to Georgetown had arrived, and, being unsuspecting of any foe, were completely taken by surprise as Marion's men dashed out to meet them. The British instantly wheeled, and fled. They were seventeen in number, and well mounted; and were commanded by an officer named Merritt, who was a prodigy of address and valour. As the British rode off, the American party dashed after them; and of the whole party it is said only two escaped, Captain Merritt and a serjeant. All were killed or made prisoners. Captain Merritt beat off three assailants, two of whom he engaged at once, being a most dexterous swordsman; and he finally escaped by suddenly abandoning his horse, and shooting off at right angles into a swamp. It was a subject of great pleasure to Horry, some years afterward, that this officer escaped. At the close of the war, Horry met Captain Merritt in New York,—was recognized by him, and dined at his house. After the first ceremonies of introduction were over, Merritt recalled this skirmish, and asked Horry if he were not in it. On being answered in the affirmative, he again enquired of Horry if he did not remember how handsomely one of the British officers gave him the slip that day. On being answered in the affirmative, he continued: "Well, I was that officer;

and of all the frights I ever had in my life, that was the most complete. Will you believe me, sir, when I assure you that I went out that morning with my locks of as bright an auburn as ever curled upon the forehead of youth; and by the time I had crawled out of the swamp into Georgetown, that night, they were as grey as a badger! I was well nigh taking an oath never to forgive you, during breath, for frightening me so confoundedly. But away with all malice! You must go dine with me, and I'll show you a lovelier woman than either of those that rode in the chaise that day."

Captain Melton, who was sent at the same time with Horry to reconnoitre, fell in with a party of loyalists much superior in numbers to his own, and after a short and sharp action was compelled to retreat. In Captain Melton's party was Gabriel Marion, a nephew of our hero, who had volunteered. His horse being shot under him, he fell a prisoner into the hands of the Tories. He was recognized, and with several other prisoners massacred in cold blood. One of the loyalists strove hard to save him, but to no purpose. The spirit of vindictive cruelty was now increasing upon both sides; and the fact that Gabriel was beloved by his uncle would have been sufficient cause for his butchery,

even though he had not distinguished himself as a gallant and active Whig.

On the next day Major Horry had another brush with a Tory party. Horry surprised the enemy while yet, from some reason, they had not formed; and upon the charge of the Whigs they dispersed. The Major, probably from the character of his horsemanship, was left behind with a lad named Gwinn, while his party pursued the fugitives. A patrol of nine mounted loyalists at this instant presented themselves; and while Horry challenged them, the boy Gwinn shot their leader, who had already raised his musket to fire; and as the Tory fell, the charge from his piece killed Horry's horse. Gwinn immediately dismounted, and gave Major Horry his horse; and at that instant a party of Whigs, hearing the firing, dashed up in season to save their commander, and to rescue four prisoners from the hands of the loyalists.

In this day's skirmishing a little affair occurred which much mortified Colonel Gainey, a Tory of some repute, and his friends. Gainey was considered an exceedingly able commander, and Marion's men had often heard of him from their Tory prisoners. It chanced that he was in command of the very party of the dispersion of which we have just spoken. Sergeant Macdonald, without know

ing his name, selected him, as a fine-looking fellow, and nobly mounted, as the object of his particular pursuit. Indeed it was his horse that the Sergeant, who appeared to have a great deal of taste that way, particularly coveted. It was a hard pull, for Gainey's horse was an even match for Macdonald's. At last the latter drew near enough to get a blow at Gainey with his bayonet. It so happened that the bayonet became detached from the gun; and though Gainey escaped into Georgetown, he did it with Macdonald's bayonet sticking in his back!

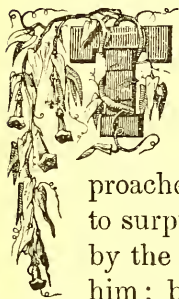
During the time that Marion was hanging about the skirts of the British at Georgetown, a mad adventure took place, which showed that the bravest of Marion's men needed the sagacity and prudence of their leader to direct their wild courage to a good purpose. Macdonald, with four or five others, being sent to reconnoitre the lines, the young mad-caps, having encountered the bottle enemy, took it into their heads to attack Georgetown—and actually dashed into that place, huzzaing and shouting, as if they had an army behind them. They were able to sweep through the street, and actually to make good their escape before the British perceived the trick which had been put upon them; a fool-hardy adventure, of no possible utility, except to show what the advice of whiskey is really worth.

To return to the order of our narrative. The lad Gwinn was presented by Marion with the horse and equipments of the English officer, whose death, by his musket, had saved the life of Major Horry. Gwinn remained with Marion until the close of the war, and distinguished himself by many acts of address and courage.

We are pained to say that one of the late prisoners was shot in the night by one of Marion's men. This prisoner, whether justly or not, was charged with being the murderer of Gabriel Marion; and summary revenge was thus taken. This event gave Marion great pain, and he severely reprimanded the officer of the guard, because he did not shoot the murderer of the prisoner in his charge upon the spot. The contest now assumed a terrible and sanguinary character; for violence and murder, once begun, is not easily stayed.

CHAPTER XI.

The Camp at Snow's Island—Its Defences—Sanguinary Warfare—Difficulties of Marion's Command—The Plunder of Croft's House—Marion's Proceedings against the Offenders—Incipient Mutiny—Contumacy of the Culprits—Suppression of the Mutiny—Expulsion and Outlawry of the Ringleaders—The Potato Dinner.



HE encounters with parties of the enemy, which we noticed in the chapter preceding, defeated the purpose for which Marion had approached Georgetown. His object had been to surprise that place. The occupation of it by the British was a serious disadvantage to him; but he was too wise to risk his men in an open and regular attack—success in which would scarcely have compensated for the inevitable effusion of blood. He therefore abandoned the purpose for the present; and retiring to Snow's Island, at the confluence of Lynch's Creek and the Pedee, fortified himself in a more permanent encampment than he had hitherto found it expedient

to occupy. The date of his encampment was about the opening of the year 1781. General Greene was in the field, and the patriots were encouraged by the hope of a respectable and organized army. Marion trusted now that the desultory warfare, by which he had so adroitly kept up the spirit of resistance, was to be succeeded by military operations of a more imposing and permanently efficient character. The whole country appeared to partake of his confidence; and notwithstanding that his encampment was situated in a district in which the Tories were numerous, reinforcements and recruits daily reached him.

His encampment was approachable only by friends. The island, which when reached was spacious and well wooded, was in its eligible sites for culture planted with Indian-corn. It abounded also in live stock and provisions. Marion first secured all the boats in the vicinity; and reserving a few that he needed, destroyed the rest. The bridges of course he broke up; for Marion's brigade needed no such assistance to cross a river; and the approaches to the banks he obstructed, by felling trees across the ordinary paths. He declared the country under martial law, and issued orders to his officers to seize all ammunition and horses for the use of the army; to prevent the transportation of

stores and comfort to the British posts, and to hold all men as enemies who supplied the British with provisions.

Parties were continually issuing from the encampment to scour the country, which was thus held under the strictest watch. With the increasing strength of Marion, and his growing command over the tract of country in which he was posted, the sanguinary folly of the Tories increased. Prisoners were massacred without mercy; and among other instances recorded is the murder of a company of Whigs, under Lieutenant Roger Gordon, who surrendered to a party of Tories under Captain Butler. Finding themselves surprised, they submitted on terms; notwithstanding which stipulation, as soon as they laid down their arms they were killed upon the spot. The evil commencement of Cornwallis at Camden, and the other atrocities of the British and Tory commanders, in disposing of their prisoners as rebels, liable to execution for treason, had caused such a feeling of murderous exasperation, that prisoners ceased to be taken. "Tarleton's Quarters," had now become the fearful cry; and the only hope for the vanquished, whether Whig or Tory, was escape to the swamps.

This cruelty was in every possible way discouraged by Marion and his officers. Marion, as we

have seen, expressed his strong disapprobation of the murder of the man who was suspected or accused of the assassination of his nephew, Gabriel. But volunteers who were induced to take up arms by a desire to avenge the personal wrongs and injuries they had suffered; men who had perhaps lost a son, a brother, or a parent by the cruelty of the marauding Tory parties; whose houses had been burned, and whose property devastated, were not disposed to listen to any plea for humanity, or to forego the opportunity to revenge themselves. The war had now lasted nearly five years; and in the peculiarly unfortunate condition of Carolina, a fearful accumulation of hate had arisen between the Whigs and Tories. Order and government were necessarily set aside. The rights of individuals, and the guarantees of property, were forgotten. Even the rules of warfare, which are usually allowed among civilized nations to temper the evils of a state of hostility, were disregarded; and the contest became one in which bitter animosity stopped short of no method of inflicting injury; and hesitated at no barbarity.

Marion's command, always difficult, became under these circumstances more onerous than ever. It was extremely hard to control the volunteers under such circumstances, and brought together

by such motives. A rash or intemperate man would have lost all influence and command over troops of such a character; and Marion had many opportunities for the exercise of his peculiar talents as an officer. There were not wanting men even in his brigade who sought pretext and opportunity to raise the standard of mutiny; and in his situation it became exceedingly difficult to risk an authority, which, once disputed or defied, would be lost for ever.

A crisis at length occurred. Mr. George Croft, a wealthy Whig, who had often befriended the patriot army by supplies, intelligence, and in every other mode which he could, without openly committing himself, being an invalid, was compelled to leave his plantation and repair to Georgetown for the benefit of medical advice. Marion placed a sentinel at his house, to prevent its being pillaged; trusting that a single man would be sufficient, with his general's word as a warrant, to prevent any disturbance of the property of the absentee. Two of the officers of the brigade, however, one of them a major, in spite of the remonstrances of the sentinel, entered the house and rifled it; and one of them, as if in defiance, wore Mr. Croft's sword, of which he had thus possessed himself. The facts

were communicated to Major Horry by Mrs. Croft, and by him to General Marion.

Marion instantly despatched Major Horry to the principal offender, with a request that he would at once send to him the sword of Mr. Croft. The aid soon returned with an insolent message. The culprit declared that he had no sword of Mr. Croft's—that it was his own, taken in war; and that if Marion wished for it, he must come for it himself. Marion desired Horry to go back and repeat the demand; but that officer entreated to be spared a second errand of the kind, as he feared that the insolence of the other would provoke him to violence. The mutineer—for a mutiny the affair had now become—was at the head of a body of troops known as the Georgia Refugees; and it now seemed evident that he counted upon their support, in resisting the orders of his superior officer. The intelligence of what was going forward soon drew Marion's officers about him; for the posture of things was painfully critical.

A messenger was now despatched to the mutineer, requesting him to report himself at headquarters; and he came, accompanied by the other officer who had participated in this offence. Marion received them with firmness; and recapitulated, for

the information of those present, the circumstances of the case. He stated the services and comfort which Croft had rendered the patriots; and said that he had debated with himself as to whether it could be necessary to put a guard over the house of such a man, to defend it from those whom he had befriended. The mutineer replied that "Croft was a Tory, and was even then with the enemy in Georgetown." Marion answered with a civil, but peremptory request, that the sword should be delivered to him; and the other, with an insolent oath, declared he would not surrender it.

Marion's officers looked at each other, and at the General. They stood ready, at a word or a nod, to seize upon the culprits. Each had his hand upon his sword. Horry, who had been stung with the previous insolence of the offenders, could not contain himself, but exclaimed, with an oath, that if he had command of the brigade those two fellows should be hung in five minutes. Marion rather sharply checked his friend: "This is no business of yours, sir;—they are both before me!" He then repeated his request for the sword; perhaps from a wish to gain time; and perhaps from a wish to give the offenders still a loop-hole of escape. The fact that Croft was in Georgetown, and that he had taken no open part in behalf of the patriots, gave

some colour of defence to the mutineers. But, on the other hand, it was not only necessary for Marion to preserve discipline in his camp, but it was of the last importance that he should show the country that he could protect the property of such persons as rendered aid and comfort to his army. It was necessary that he should vindicate his honour, and evince that his command was so well established that his word could be taken for the conduct of his forces.

The mutineer still refused. "Sergeant of the guard," said Marion, in a voice of calm determination, "bring a file of soldiers." In an instant the guard presented themselves. The culprits looked round the circle, and found no face which offered encouragement or sympathy. If there had been a disposition on the part of any to side with the mutineers, the calm and prudent course of Marion had defeated it. A sign was exchanged between the two offenders. The holder of the sword tendered it to Marion, with the remark, in a tone of sulky submission, "General, you need not have sent for the guard." Marion now refused to receive it; but referred him to the serjeant, to whom, now doubly humiliated, he delivered it. There was no arrest; the two officers, one holding the commission of a major, and the other of a captain, slunk away

They were still permitted opportunity for contrition; but exhibiting none, Marion expelled them from his brigade. And as their conduct subsequently became notorious for cruelty, and offences against humanity, Marion declared them outlaws, and caused proclamations to be posted, announcing that Major —— and Captain —— did not belong to his brigade; that they were banditti, robbers, and thieves, and were hereby declared out of the protection of the laws, and might be killed wherever found.

Thus, in a bloodless but effectual manner was this threatening mutiny suppressed. And not only was the point of re-establishing his authority carried, but another not less important was established. This was that Marion would not sanction plunder and massacre. Those in the brigade who had favoured the derelicts, did it to defend the principle of retaliation upon the Tories. They wished to proceed by burning, plunder, and massacre against the loyalists; but Marion was resolved that if he could not entirely check the spirit of inhuman revenge, he would at least prevent the sanction of his command from being even inferred as in favour of such proceedings. The circumstances attending the death of his nephew, and his well-known affection for that estimable young man, were probably

counted upon by those who desired to "cry havoc," as likely to induce him to relax the strict prohibition which he had issued against unnecessary cruelty; but in this they were disappointed. The very fact that he had personal reason, if any had, to hate the Tories, made his resolute forbearance the more commanding.

It was at the encampment on Snow's Island that the famous potato dinner took place. The account of this is one of the most pleasant legends of the Revolution, and has been celebrated throughout the land in song and story. It forms the subject of one of our most agreeable national pictures, the production of the pencil of John H. White, of Charleston. It has been circulated in various forms as an engraving, being first published by the Art Union, and never fails to please. The story is, that a British officer arrived at Marion's encampment with a flag of truce, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. His business finished, he was about to depart, when Marion pressed him to remain and share his dinner. The guest looked round, and perceived a fire, but no tokens of anything in the way of a banquet. Curiosity, or politeness, or both motives, induced him to accept the invitation; and Marion then directed one of the men to serve the repast.

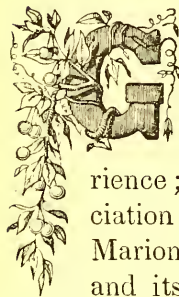
The plate on which the American general's dinner was served was a clean piece of bark, and the viands themselves, which the man proceeded to unearth from among the glowing ashes, were tolerably simple, being neither more nor less than sweet potatoes, baked to a nicety. The General ate heartily, pressing his guest to follow his example. The stranger was at once awed and surprised at what he had seen, and forgave the dinner in the pleasure he received at being the guest of a soldier so renowned as Francis Marion; but a soldier without any of the factitious and extrinsic circumstances which usually accompany military dignity. As our readers are already aware, there was nothing commanding or noble in the presence of Marion; and his men looked like anything but an encampment of soldiers. The whole scene was decidedly unmilitary, so far as ornament and parade are concerned; but there was a look of determination in the swarthy faces of the men who passed and repassed, and an air of self-denial in the hard fare to which these soldiers of liberty submitted, which were far more formidable than any mere military pomp.

His politeness could not, however, prevent the officer from inquiring whether this frugal mode of living was Marion's usual fare. The General in-

formed him that on that day, having a guest, he regarded himself as fortunate in having rather a better dinner than usual. The conversation continued till the Briton was apprised that Marion's pay was no better than his rations; and the story goes on to say that, on his return to the British garrison, the officer was so much impressed with what he had heard and seen, and so convinced of the impossibility of overcoming soldiers who fought thus upon principle, and for the pure love of liberty, that he decided to throw up his commission. He returned to England, satisfied that the struggle, if not a vain, was an unjust one; and that those who fought so valiantly for independence deserved it. Whether in all its details this be strictly true or not, it is certain that the successful issue of the Revolution was as much due to the resolution and endurance of the patriots as to their active courage. The latter could only occasionally be called into exercise; the former was necessary every day. It was a long struggle, and harder in its resistance against want and suffering, than in its battles with the enemy.

CHAPTER XII.

Greene's Appreciation of Marion—Colonel Washington's Ruse A quiet piece of Ordnance—Morgan's Brigade—Pursuit by Tarleton—Battle of the Cowpens—Anecdote of Tarleton—Anecdote of Conyers—Lee joins Marion—Attack on Georgetown—Capture of the Commanding Officer—Partial Success of the Attack—Lee recalled by Greene—Movements of Cornwallis—Services of Marion's Brigade, in the Absence of the Regular Army.



GENERAL GREENE brought to the South with him something that was of even more consequence to success than his own military experience; and that something was a just appreciation of the character and services of Marion, and of the efficiency of his force, and its proper disposal. On the very day after he assumed the command he wrote a letter to Marion, no less true than complimentary to that officer, in which he praised the efficiency and usefulness of his course in Carolina, and begged him to remain in his independent position, and to add

to his other duties that of keeping the commander of the Southern army supplied with intelligence. We need hardly say that Marion readily undertook this duty, and most skilfully performed it. His intelligence was of immense service to Greene in his after operations; and demonstrated the utility of common sense in the General, who knew thus how to avail himself of most important assistance.

Just as Greene assumed the command, there occurred as pleasant a piece of successful strategy as the history of the whole war affords. Lieutenant Colonel Washington, while detached in pursuit of a party of Tories, who eluded him by a timely retreat, happened to hear of another party posted at Rugely's Farm, about thirteen miles from Camden. This force he determined to attack; but upon reaching the ground he found the party, under Colonel Rugely, strongly posted in a log barn, secured by abattis, and the ground inaccessible to cavalry. Colonel Washington had neither infantry nor artillery, and the chase seemed after all about to prove but a bootless one. A happy expedient occurred to the American commander. He felled a pine tree, hewed out and blocked a most ferocious-looking field-piece; and mounting it on wagon-wheels, advanced with all proper and terrific parade, as if to batter down the stronghold. With

out stopping to enquire where a cavalry corps could have picked up a field-piece, Colonel Rugely decided to surrender at once, and save unnecessary bloodshed. And in this affair Colonel Washington made one hundred and twelve prisoners, without, it is scarcely necessary to remark, once discharging his field-piece, till the close of the surrender, when he discharged it—from further service. It had certainly done wonders for such a piece of ordnance.

This small affair was soon succeeded by a signal and important success in another direction. Greene made up for General Morgan an independent brigade, comprising about three hundred of the continental line, Colonel Washington's light dragoons, and two companies of militia from Virginia; and the brigade was farther supported by the militia under Colonel Pickens. The purpose of this detachment was to encourage the Whigs, and overawe the Tories west of the Catawba—to secure provisions, and to hold in check the foraging parties of the British, and narrow the enemy's tract of operations. The main army, a mere skeleton, rested at Hicks's Creek.

Cornwallis determined to attack the Americans while thus divided, and defeat them in detail, before they could effect a junction. Reserving Greene for himself, he indefatigable Tarleton was sent to

take care of Morgan. Tarleton's force, his legion and some auxiliary infantry and artillery, amounted to about one thousand men. Morgan's strength was about eight hundred.

Tarleton dashed on with his usual impetuosity, and Morgan, being in an insecure position, crossed the Pacolet, intending to defend the fords. But Tarleton had already crossed that creek at another ford, six miles below; and Morgan, finding his pursuer on the same side of the river, retreated again to the Cowpens, where he made a stand, and, in opposition to the wishes of his officers, determined to risk a battle. Tarleton reached his late camp on the evening of the same day that Morgan had vacated the ground. At three o'clock Tarleton, leaving his baggage under a guard, pushed on to surprise Morgan. But that officer was apprised of his approach, and ready to receive him.

The disposition made by General Morgan of his troops was most judicious, and his presence of mind during the engagement was truly soldier-like. He availed himself even of apparent checks and disasters, and made them contribute to the victory. The militia were posted in front—those bodies of troops of whom least could be expected being farthest in advance. As it was presumed that such troops would not long withstand Tarleton's impetuous

charge, they were ordered to keep up a retreating fire, and passing through intervals left for that purpose in the second line, to form again on its right. Tarleton, whose defeats and successes seem to have arisen from the same cause, over-confidence, was sure of an easy victory. His troops rushed forward, shouting as they moved; and the American militia, after one well-directed fire, fell back—and again making a short stand, after a brief but warm conflict, retreated behind the second line, which was composed principally of continental troops. These veterans received Tarleton with great intrepidity; and he was compelled to order up his reserve, to strengthen the attack. At this critical moment a mistake was made, which had nearly proved fatal. A company, which was ordered to change its front to face the enemy, which was pressing on the flank, fell back, on account of mistaking the order. The rest of the line, supposing orders to have been given to change their ground, began to retire, but in perfect order. General Morgan, perceiving the mistake, confirmed the movement, and directed the retreat to be continued, till the infantry reached the place where Colonel Washington was posted with the reserve. The British, believing the fate of the battle decided, pressed on with ardour, and in some confusion, when suddenly the Americans

halted, faced about, and poured a most deadly fire into the advancing enemy. The Americans followed up their fire with a bayonet charge, and the British line was broken. While this was going on with the infantry, Colonel Washington's light dragoons had routed a body of the British horse; and Colonel Howard, who commanded the continental troops, followed up the advantage gained, with the aid of Colonel Washington, until the British artillery, and the greater part of the infantry, surrendered.

So suddenly had this defeat taken place, that a portion of the British horse had not been brought into action, but were retreating unbroken. Colonel Washington pursued the retiring horse, and engaged them with great spirit. But they were superior to his force in numbers, and made a gallant stand, until, Morgan coming up with his infantry, the retreat was resumed. In this engagement the British lost over one hundred killed, including ten commissioned officers; and twenty-five commissioned officers and five privates were made prisoners. Eight hundred muskets, two field-pieces, two standards, thirty-five baggage wagons, and one hundred dragoon horses, were taken by the Americans. The American loss was between seventy and eighty, killed and wounded. It was a most

important victory to the Americans, and would have been a decisive one if the Americans had been in force to follow up its advantages. But the whole Southern army did not exceed two thousand men, and they were divided into two bodies. General Mergan was obliged to abandon the baggage which he had taken, in order that it should not impede his march.

An amusing anecdote is related of Tarleton, in connexion with this affair. He was speaking, in a public house, in rather contemptuous terms of an American officer who was in this engagement. "For his part," he said, "he had heard very much of this man's prowess, but he could never get near enough to see him." "Perhaps," said a servant-girl pertly, "you might have had that pleasure, if you would have looked behind you, at the Cowpens!" The girls at that day do not appear to have been deficient in the ability and spirit to make sharp answers. Another anecdote occurs to us which is worth relating. In Marion's brigade there was a Captain Conyers, distinguished for bravery and excellent horsemanship, and, withal, a little vain of his accomplishments. It so chanced that Marion had surrounded, or blockaded, a British party at a plantation where Mary Witherspoon, the betrothed of Conyers, and the daughter of another

of Marion's officers, was residing. It may be inferred from her connexions what kind of a spirit such a girl would possess. Conyers, who was one of the investing party, would not lose the opportunity of distinguishing himself in the sight of his mistress. He daily challenged the British posts, presenting himself sometimes alone, and sometimes at the head of a detachment; and the girl's pride in her lover was delighted at hearing the warning cry, as she frequently did — "Take care! there's Conyers!" One day a British officer, while Conyers was capering in front of the lines, approached the maiden, and made some sneering remark about her lover. Pulling her shoe from her foot, she threw it in his face, and exclaimed, "Coward! go out and meet him!"

Previously to the date of the battle of the Cowpens, Marion had been joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, at the head of his famous legion. Lee states in his memoirs, that to find the General with whom he was to co-operate was no very easy matter. An officer, who was sent on in advance with a small party to find Marion, did not discover his whereabouts until Marion's own men had made many hours' search for their commander. It was not our partisan's policy to remain long in a place; for he was himself too much in the habit of surprising

others to permit his own safety to be endangered by consulting his ease.

Marion had long and earnestly desired the aid of some regular troops of the continental army, in addition to his own forces. He was fortunate in the co-operation of Lee's brigade; and the more so that Colonel Lee highly respected and admired him. Of this we have the evidence in the warm encomiums upon the partisan General which Lee has left in his works. The plans of Greene looked to the intercepting of supplies sent from Charleston for the army of Cornwallis, and to the breaking up of the chain of posts which defended the great British line of communication. The capture of Georgetown, Marion's favourite scheme, harmonized with the purposes of General Greene; and an attack was therefore determined upon.

The plan was to take the post by surprise, at midnight. The troops were moved near the town, unperceived. At midnight the various bodies rushed into the town, according to the plan concerted; but as some of them were not in time to make the attack simultaneous, the enemy retained possession of the fort or citadel. The Americans had no ordnance to carry the defences; and nothing was left them but to retreat, after having driven the British into their defences. Several of the

British were killed, and among them one or two officers. One of the British officers, named Crookshanks, was saved by his betrothed. He had rushed out into the piazza of the house in which he lodged, and discharged his pistol among the assailants. At the moment when their weapons were directed against him the young lady rushed into the fray, and throwing her arms round his neck, cried out, "O! save Major Crookshanks!" Crookshanks surrendered himself a prisoner, and his parole was taken upon the spot; and the Americans pushed on to further surprises.

Colonel Campbell, the commander of the post, was taken prisoner in his bed, and admitted to parole. Had the fort at the first onset been carried by the bayonet, before the enemy had time to prepare themselves for resistance, the victory would have been signal and complete. As it was, the advantage was entirely upon the side of the Americans; and the boldness of the attempt served farther to show the British what an indefatigable enemy they had to contend with.

Marion did not wait in Georgetown or its neighbourhood for the enemy to rally and attack him; and Lee fully coincided in his cautious policy. Indeed Marion's men, Horry tells us, while they rejoiced at the accession of strength which Lee

brought in his cavalry, "the handsomest they had ever seen," rejoiced no less in the belief that Lee "in deep art and undaunted courage was a second Marion." But Lee and Marion were not long at this time to remain together. After the defeat of Tarleton by Morgan, Cornwallis pressed so hard upon the victors, with his superior army, that a retreat was necessary. Greene put himself at the head of Morgan's force, and called Lee to rejoin him, with his whole legion.

As Lieutenant Tarleton made so large a figure in the partisan warfare of the South, we have thought it expedient to give the particulars of his great defeat at the Cowpens; but must despatch the further operations of Cornwallis and his officers in brief space. The movements of Greene and the British commander involved and exhibited much admirable military skill upon both sides; and the behaviour of their respective armies was characterized by every trait of active courage and patient endurance which make up the soldier's character. Greene, having an insufficient force, strove to keep the field without being compelled to hazard an engagement, while Cornwallis strove to bring on a battle, and laboured particularly to reach one body of Greene's force before a junction could be effected

with the others—and to strike a decisive blow while Greene was not yet reinforced by militia. At one time Cornwallis had complete command of North Carolina; and even took the preliminary steps towards re-establishing the royal government. Greene retreated before Cornwallis into Virginia; but, as Cornwallis fell back into North Carolina, Greene returned. On the 15th of March, 1781, the battle of Guilford Court House took place. It was well contested, and gallantly fought upon both sides. The British were barely victors; but so hardly won was the small advantage, that Cornwallis was in no condition to renew the attack. The British lost five hundred and thirty-two men, in killed and wounded, including several officers. The Americans had between four and five hundred killed and wounded, and many missing. Of the latter, however, most rejoined their corps afterwards, or, being militia, were found at their homes.

After this action Lord Cornwallis fell back to Wilmington; Greene having recruited his force, and pursuing him. At this point Greene determined, instead of engaging Cornwallis, to carry the war into South Carolina again, and thus compel the British commander either to lose the advan-

tages held in South Carolina and Georgia, or to follow the Americans and liberate South Carolina. But Cornwallis took an unexpected, and as it resulted a fatal course for him. Instead of following Greene, he pushed on to Virginia, and ended his career in America on the 19th of October following, by surrendering to the combined American and French forces at Yorktown. >

During the movements between Greene and Cornwallis which we have been speaking of, Marion and his men were busy indeed in South Carolina. Lord Rawdon was left in command of the British and loyalist forces there, and found it a very troublesome command. It was not that Marion and the other partisans were in sufficient force to create serious alarm; but they did cause to the British extreme inconvenience. Not a detachment could move except in large force; not a baggage-wagon could proceed without a convoy. Several of the smaller posts and military depots were surprised, and the stores destroyed; trains of baggage were seized or burnt—parties were frequently captured; and dismay was carried into the Tory settlements. The line of communication between Charleston and the army of Cornwallis was broken up; and the British were so shut up in

their strongholds, that it became absolutely necessary that they should "catch Mr. Marion." This was an experiment which, our readers remember, had been tried before, without very flattering success. The history of the adventures of the detachments sent by Lord Rawdon in pursuit of the "swamp fox," we will leave to another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Detachments in pursuit of Marion—Colonel Tynes—Unfortunate Condition of Horry's Men—Pursuit of McIlraith—Challenge to an Engagement by Champions—McIlraith Recedes from the Proposal, and retreats—Marion draws off his Men, and McIlraith Escapes—Encounter with Watson on the Santee—Brave Exploit of Gavin James—Affair at Mount Hope—Encounter on the Williamsburg Road—Watson's Message to Marion—McDonald's Sharp-Shooting—His Message to Watson—Watson blockaded at Blakeley's—He escapes to Georgetown.



Two British parties were despatched in pursuit of Marion. Each comprised a regiment of British soldiers, with an auxiliary force of loyalists.

One party was commanded by Colonel Watson, and the other by Colonel Doyle. Their first purpose was the capture of Marion; and a second, and hardly less important, the breaking up of his stronghold on Snow's Island. Of Watson's movements Marion was well advised. He had a chain of scouts in the Whig young men, who kept him apprised of the important movements

of the enemy ; but by some means Doyle's progress was not known to the Whigs. The two British detachments were to form a junction on the Pedee River. Watson's movements were made with a great deal of caution ; and so indeed were Doyle's. Both knew the crafty character of the man of whom they were in pursuit.

Marion was sensible that his force was insufficient to cope in open fight with the enemy ; and being well instructed as to Watson's movements in particular, he kept his men actively employed in the sudden surprises and quick marches which so annoyed the enemy. There was a famous loyalist colonel named Tynes, of whose defeat and capture we have in a previous chapter informed the reader. He was sent to North Carolina for safe-keeping ; but made his escape from jail, not improbably by the connivance of the jailor, and appeared again in South Carolina, at the head of a second party. Again Marion defeated him, capturing the whole party, with its leader. Colonel Tynes was a second time sent to the North state as a prisoner. Incredible as it may seem, with an indefatigability worthy of a better cause, he made his appearance a third time in South Carolina, with a larger force than ever. There would appear to have been, from some cause or other, great facilities of escape ; for Tynes

was not the only man whom Marion fought two or three times over; and some presented themselves even oftener than that, to be met and captured.

Horry, with forty of the best horsemen in Marion's command, was sent to deal a third time with this constantly re-appearing enemy. All went as well as the gallant partisan could wish. Riding hard all night, and until noon the next day, the party reached the house of a man, who, Weems says, was truly "a publican and a sinner,"—for he was a great Tory. Horry took the liberty to put his host under guard, for fear that he might convey intelligence to the enemy; and, by way of after dinner amusement, busied himself with extracting information from his prisoner. The wife, who seems to have been such an adept in artifice that Horry would have done well to put her under guard too, was meanwhile securing the failure of Horry's plans, with a very seductive and potentially. She not only gave the men as much apple-brandy as they could drink, but very obligingly filled their bottles and canteens.

As Marion's men never started on an expedition without well understanding the ground, and the nature of their chances, Horry, after his men were refreshed and rested, started off in high glee, sure of making Colonel Tynes a prisoner for the third

time. But he soon began to perceive that the men were in much greater spirits than there was any particular warrant for; and their canteens visited their mouths much oftener than, if the contents had been only water, as usual, there would have been any temptation for.

To the enquiry what they were drinking, the troop answered, "water, only water;" but Horry, to his great mortification, found that some of them with much difficulty kept their seats. Their commander, upon endeavouring to expostulate with them, received precisely such answers as were to be expected from drunken men, and drew off in despair. To have persevered in the attack, with soldiers in that condition, would have been to lead them to certain death; to remain where they were until the men were recovered, would have been almost as bad, for the whole district through which they were riding was thoroughly Tory; and no choice was left but to order a retreat. Even this was accomplished in a scandalously noisy and unsoldier-like manner. Each trooper in his corps fancied himself a general, and ordered his comrades about; and such was the noise and hallooing, that the next morning Tynes, having waited all night for an attack, despatched a patrol up the road to see what was the matter. The patrol found some

of the plumes which the drunken rogues had lost, and setting up the cry, "Marion! Marion!" every step was taken to guard against surprise. Marion received Horry's report with his usual equanimity, but cautioned him to watch the "fire water" in future. A few days afterward Marion captured a good part of Tynes's command; and the unfortunate Colonel does not appear to have figured on the scene any more. But for the shameful inebriation of Horry's men, Tynes would most probably have found his way to a more secure imprisonment than his two former ones. This affair very much chagrined Horry; and we preserve the account of it principally as one of the thousand proofs of the uselessness of alcoholic courage.

In the month of February, Marion heard of the approach of a British officer, Major McIlraith, with a force fully equal to his own; and immediately the proper measures were taken to meet this enemy, or, rather, to change the defensive attitude from himself to his enemy. McIlraith, in all accounts, is represented as a loyal officer, of more humane and noble character than the greater part of those who figured in the contest in South Carolina. He burned no houses on his march, and hanged no prisoners; nay, he even paid for such refreshments as his troops needed. Marion overtook him at sun-

set, and his advance instantly had a brush with the enemy. The action was then suspended, to be renewed in the morning; but McIlraith did not wait. On the next day, Marion pushed on in pursuit. At the house of a well-known Whig lady, Marion heard most eulogistic accounts of the humanity of McIlraith, and found also a surgeon in charge of a number of wounded men, part of whom were British, and the rest Americans, badly hurt, who had fallen into the hands of the British.

Marion pushed on in pursuit, but said that he felt very much as if he were hunting a brother. Such commanders as McIlraith, and such a policy as he pursued toward the Americans, would have been much more efficient than the barbarous policy which had hitherto brought only odium upon the royal cause. The retreating British were overtaken on the road, but after a sharp skirmish in a place every way eligible for the swamp tactics of Marion, McIlraith, by hard fighting, managed to reach an open field, where he encamped. Marion pitched his tents near him, and here flags were exchanged. McIlraith complained of Marion's mode of warfare, and challenged him to a fair fight in the open field. Marion perceived readily that this was but the challenge of a man who, finding himself in a desperate predicament, wished the other party to forfeit

his advantages ; but replied that if Major McIlraith wished to see a combat between twenty champions on each side, he was not unwilling to gratify him. This was agreed to, and pleased Marion's men exceedingly, from the dash of romance and adventure in it. The twenty men from the American side advanced ; then twenty opponents were drawn up in line to receive them ; and both armies were looking on with intense interest, when McIlraith suddenly recalled his men, who retreated to the main body. The American party at this movement raised a shout of triumph, but did not fire a shot, and returned also. Thus the affair finished. Had it been persisted in, there is little doubt that the American sharp-shooters would have killed the greater part of their opponents at the first fire ; and the rest would have been easily managed.

Marion and his men were very leniently disposed toward McIlraith. The manner of his march, and the evidence of humane feelings which he had given, disinclined them from pursuing him with the bitter hostility which usually marked the partisan warfare of the South. During the night McIlraith abandoned his heavy baggage, and, leaving his camp-fires burning, retreated. Marion, when he discovered the fact, sent a party forward to get in advance of McIlraith before he should

reach Singleton's Mills, which commanded a defile through which McIlraith must pass. On reaching the Mills, Marion's men found the small-pox there, and were disinclined to avail themselves of such a dangerous post. Before they returned, however, one of the men shot the officer who led the British advance. Marion was grieved that this took place, and withdrew his soldiers from the pursuit; willing that the British party should reach Charleston in safety.

And now commenced the series of encounters with Watson—a British officer who had, more than any other, bitter experience of the character of Marion as an antagonist. About the first of March Watson left the fort which he had made his rendezvous, and was proceeding down the Santee River. Marion, who liked to choose his own ground for encountering an enemy, made one of those forced marches for which he was so remarkable, and suddenly attacked Watson in a swamp about midway between Nelson's and Murray's ferries. At first the advantage was with the enemy. The first encounter made the advance of each party recoil. Marion then gave the word to charge, and for a little while the Americans held their own; but Watson's regulars with their field-pieces again compelled the Americans to recede. The Tory

horse under Harrison pressed the advantage; but just at this moment individual courage saved the day. Gavin James, one of the boldest and most expert of Marion's men, actually checked the whole British column!

James was a giant in size, and rode a grey horse, as remarkable for length and strength of limb as his master. He threw himself in front of his comrades, and facing the enemy as if he was perfectly invulnerable, and feared no shots, he took deliberate aim and killed his man. A volley from the British answered his single fire, but not a shot took effect on the giant. A dragoon then rushed upon him, but James killed him with his bayonet. A second came up, and was also stricken down; but, as in his fall he clung to James's musket, the American was compelled to fall back, and drew the wounded soldier with him for some distance. This stirring adventure gave the Americans time to rally; and captains Macauley and Conyers, at the head of the American cavalry, drove the Tories back. Harrison himself fell by the hand of Conyers; and the British horse, completely broken, retreated, and took shelter behind the infantry. Marion did not deem it advisable to make any permanent stand here, but, having given the enemy check enough to cure them of any ardent disposition for immediate pur-

suit, retreated a few miles below; and Watson encamped that night on the field of battle. The effect of this affair was to put the Americans in high spirits, and to give the Tories sad premonitions of what they were to expect.

The next morning the pursuit was resumed, if pursuit it could be called, in which the pursuers could find the pursued only by the attacks which they received from an antagonist who did not wait to be overtaken by his enemy. At every step Watson's command was subjected to sudden attacks while Marion, with the main body, kept just far enough ahead to be out of reach while he broke up bridges, and to have time and opportunity to post ambuscades. At Mount Hope Watson had bridges to repair, while his men were exposed to a murderous fire from Horry's men, who were concealed in a thicket. But the British commander brought up his field-pieces, and by drilling the swamps through and through with grape-shot, he succeeded in dislodging his formidable enemy.

This danger passed, Watson made a feint, as if he was about to change the direction of his march. The pursuer and pursued were, in fact, changing positions. But Marion was too old a bush-fighter to be deceived by any evolution of this kind; and when Watson arrived at the bridge on the main



road to Williamsburg, across the Black River, he found two of the middle arches thrown down, and the bridge fired at each end. There was a fording place below the bridge, and the approach to it lay through a ravine. Watson's field-pieces opened the path; but his force had scarcely entered it, when they found that it was almost literally a death passage. The leader of the British advance was slain, and the whole body dispersed and driven back. Not a man could approach the spot. An effort was made to continue the play of the field-pieces upon Marion's men; but, to command the position where the main body of the American troops were posted, required the pieces to be drawn up on the high ground which formed one side of the ravine. To send them there, was to offer them as sure marks to the American rifles. Not a man approached within reach of the fire of these unerring marksmen, who did not fall dead or wounded. Marion's force was so skilfully posted on both sides of the river, that his men were comparatively safe. The British could advance to attack no one point, without being subjected to a galling fire from all others. To force the pass under such circumstances was an impossibility; and Watson's men were fain, like Marion's, to take the shelter of the thickets, and skirmish as opportunity offered, until nightfall

Watson was dismayed at the character of his enemy. He declared that he never saw such shooting in his life. In his despatches for reinforcements, which were intercepted, and fell into the hands of Marion, he made most woful complaints, as well he might, of the manner in which he was harassed. He sent a flag to Marion, by which he begged him to come out and "fight like a Christian." "Why," he said, "you must command a horde of savages, who delight in nothing but murder. I can't cross a swamp or a bridge but I am waylaid, and shot at, like a mad dog!" Talking about "honour" and rules of warfare to men who fought with halters about their necks was rather out of place. The British officers seem to have desired that the partisan should be willing to consider himself a soldier bound by fantastical rules, until *taken*. The process of capture changed their character into *rebels*, and they were then expected to submit to hanging without complaint. It is said that Marion answered the officer who came to him with Watson's flag that, "from what he had known of them, the British officers were the last men on earth who should talk to others about honour and humanity. That for men who came three thousand miles to burn the houses of innocent people, plunder and hang their prisoners, to undertake to tell

that people how they should fight, was an addition of impertinent insult which he was unprepared to expect. And he concluded by warning the officer that he considered it his duty to rid the country of such invaders, as he would of wolves and panthers!"

During this day Macdonald, of whose feats we have before spoken, was employed in reconnoitring. He performed this duty in the usual daring method which the partisan scouts delighted to practise; and when ready to return, could not persuade himself to do it till he had signalized the day's work by some deed which should cause him to be remembered. Knowing the path which the British guard would take to relieve their sentinels, he placed himself in a bushy tree which commanded the route, and, having his gun loaded with pistol-bullets, fired upon the party as it passed. The discharge killed one man, and badly wounded Lieutenant Torriano. The guard, supposing of course that they had fallen into an ambuscade, made the best of their way out, with their killed and wounded; and Macdonald returned in safety to the American camp. Such an act as this of Macdonald's could, however, be excused only from the peculiar character of the warfare in which he was engaged; and the mind of the reader now revolts from giving it the unalloyed praise which it seems to have received from

the contemporaries of the daring Serjeant Macdonald.

On the day following, another flag came to Marion from Watson, requesting a passport for Lieutenant Torriano, the wounded officer, to Charleston. This Marion readily granted. By the same flag which carried back Torriano's passport, Serjeant Macdonald sent a curious message to Watson. It appears that the Serjeant, in the hurried movements of the last few days, had left his knapsack and entire wardrobe where it fell into the hands of the enemy. Macdonald, in his message to Colonel Watson, informed him that unless his wardrobe was returned to him he should, in retaliation, kill eight of his men! Colonel Watson was disposed to treat the message with contempt; but the recent disaster of his lieutenant by the hands of the Serjeant, and the representations of his officers that from the daring character of the man he would certainly keep his word, induced the British commander to comply with the request. When the clothes appeared, Macdonald, to amuse himself still further with the irritation of the British officer, directed the bearer to say to Colonel Watson, "Now I will only kill four."

Effectually baffled, finding it impossible to cross the river, and discovering that any position was

unsafe which was in the vicinity of a clump of trees capable of sheltering a single sharp-shooter, Watson encamped at last in the middle of the most open field he could find. Here for ten days he was absolutely besieged and shut in by the General whom he had been despatched to *catch*. His encampment was on Blakely's plantation. To add to his discomfort, the cavalry of Marion were continually dashing up to his very lines, as if to make an assault at once; and it was a hazardous experiment for a man to expose himself to Marion's rifles, which seemed, by a sort of ubiquity, to command him on every side. Tantalized by an enemy whom they could not reach—harassed day and night; his supplies cut off—all intelligence intercepted; and his men daily diminishing in the unremitting skirmishing which Marion forced upon him at all hours, he was forced at last to decamp. He was completely out-generalled. To stay was death; to move was danger.

He moved off silently in the night, and took the road toward Georgetown. He was harassed at every step of the march by light parties of the Americans; and when he reached Ox Swamp, found them posted in force to receive and give him battle. To attempt to pass on a route thus guarded would have been madness; and Watson suddenly changed

his direction, and reached the Santee road by a forced march. By this movement, executed with a great deal of rapidity, he left Marion's force a good distance behind; and when Marion overtook him, he found him in full flight, his infantry absolutely running. Still they preserved their discipline, and occasionally wheeled and saluted their pursuers with a fire, which, however, did but little injury.

The great object was to gain Sampit Bridge. Here Marion had, however, placed a party in advance; and it was the cowardice of one man which saved Watson's detachment. A certain Lieutenant Scott had been posted with a command of rifles in ambush, to fire upon the British as they crossed the ford. Had he done his duty, their destruction would have been complete. But he was afraid of being surrounded and cut to pieces—and withheld the fire of his men. Marion, with the main body, overtook Watson at the ford, and commenced a furious attack on his rear, which was short, sharp, and bloody. Watson lost his horse, and barely escaped himself. Twenty of his men were killed, and a large number wounded.

He succeeded, however, in getting over, and pushed on to Georgetown, thoroughly harassed and spirit-broken by soldiers who "would not fight like

gentlemen!" Had lieutenant Scott obeyed the orders of Horry, under whose immediate command he was, Colonel Watson would not only have been baffled and driven back by Marion, but his detachment would have been entirely cut to pieces, and he would himself have been killed or taken. He escaped this affair to have more experience of the tactics of the ablest partisan general in the South.

CHAPTER XIV.

Capture of Marion's Stronghold—Retreat of Colonel Doyle—Marion seeks Watson—Good news to the Whigs—Retreat of Watson—Battle of Camden—Fall of Fort Motte—A Heroic Lady—Hanging of Prisoners—British Evacuation of Georgetown—Abandonment of Seventy-Six—Daring Movements of the Partisans—Battle of Jumby—Rescue of Colonel Harden—Defeat of Major Frazier—Battle of Eutaw.



WHILE Marion had been so busily engaged with Watson, his force was not sufficient properly to defend his encampment on Snow's Island: and Colonel Doyle succeeded in penetrating to that famous retreat; mastering the small force there garrisoned, and destroying the stores—not large in quantity, but the more valuable for their scarceness. Marion instantly determined upon the pursuit of Doyle; but that officer did not wait for the annoyance which Marion had inflicted upon Watson. He retreated at once, after a slight encounter with Marion, toward Camden.

Watson, stung with his defeat, soon sallied out from Georgetown, with a reinforcement, and farther strengthened himself with a large body of Tories. Beside the commands of Watson and Doyle, there was still another party in pursuit of Marion. His prospects were never darker; but he was determined, in the worst event, to retreat to the mountains, and still keep the field; and in this resolution his men seconded him, and pledged him their support. At this moment, it must be recollected, Marion's was the only American force in the field.

Finding Doyle too quick in his retreat to be overtaken, Marion wheeled, and sought another brush with Watson. He encamped within five miles of the British force, at Warhees, in what is now called Marion County. Watson, though his force was double that of Marion, did not seek an engagement; nor could Marion exhibit much activity, as his ammunition would not hold out two rounds to a man. In this posture of affairs, Marion received the agreeable intelligence that Greene was advancing again into South Carolina, and that Lee was returning to join him with his legion. Watson was no less interested than Marion in these events; and started off to join Lord Rawdon, at Camden, by a route the tortuous indirectness of which would have done honour to the "swamp fox" himself. Watson

had no inclination to be overtaken or waylaid, and escaped—burning his baggage, and wheeling his artillery into a creek, that it might not impede his flight. Marion was persuaded by Lee, who had now joined him, not to pursue; and much against his will, consented to refrain.

The conjoined force of Marion and Lee next attacked Fort Watson—which was situated on Scott's Lake, near the junction of the Congaree and Wateree rivers. It was a stockade fort, garrisoned by about one hundred and twenty men. It had great advantages of position, being built upon a high mound, but no artillery was mounted in it. Nor were its besiegers any better provided in this particular, as they had not so much as a field-piece. To storm the place was out of the question; and to reduce it by blockade was a dilatory process, liable to be interrupted by the arrival of relief. A happy expedient, after eight days' delay, occurred to the besiegers. They emulated the ancient warriors, by building an overlooking tower. Felling a wood in the night, and piling the logs in alternate layers, the besiegers astonished the besieged in the morning by raining down upon them a shower of rifle-balls, against which their over-topped defences afforded no shelter. Under cover of this fire, a party of assailants, composed of volunteers from

the militia, and from Lee's continentals, ascended the mound, and proceeded to destroy the abattis. This movement brought the besieged to terms, and the garrison capitulated.

Other successes attended parties of Marion's men in different directions; but the despatch of detachments made his own immediate force small. He was thus prevented from intercepting Watson, as he might have done had he been in force, before he reached Camden; for, as we have already stated, Watson took a course which, while it eluded pursuit, trebled his journey. The appearance of Marion in the vicinity of Camden brought on a battle between the two armies, commanded by Greene and Rawdon. It was not decisive, for, though Rawdon kept the field, Greene lost nothing more than his antagonist, except the nominal victory.

The next action of importance in which Marion was engaged, was in the reduction of Fort Motte. This was an important depôt on the route from Charleston to Camden, and was a mansion-house belonging to Mrs. Motte, appropriated by the British, and surrounded with defences. It had a garrison of about two hundred men. On the 20th of May, Marion summoned it to surrender; and the British commander, Colonel McPherson, declared his determination to stand a siege. He was the

more encouraged to do this, as Lord Rawdon, having abandoned and fired Camden, was advancing to the relief of the fort. Nay, his fires at night, as he encamped, were discerned. Marion saw that there was no time for battering down the defences with his single six-pounder. He resorted to the expedient of firing the house. To the immortal honour of the lady who owned it, Mrs. Motte, it is related that she not only cheerfully assented to the destruction of her house, but furnished the implements, a bow and arrows, with which it was effected. They were shot at the roof, with combustibles attached, and the building was fired in three places. McPherson sent parties to the roof to stay the flames; but these were soon driven down by Marion's six-pounder, and the garrison begged for quarter, which was acceded to them. In this siege Marion lost two valuable officers, lieutenants Conyers and Macdonald. The gallant serjeant had been promoted to a lieutenancy.

Mrs. Motte gave, on the day after the capitulation, a sumptuous dinner to the officers of both armies. While seated at the table, Marion was horror-stricken by the intelligence that some of the Americans were hanging Tory prisoners. The news was not communicated aloud; but Marion's officers, seeing him snatch his sword and leave the

table, followed him in all haste, and were horror-struck to find a poor wretch hanging apparently in the last agonies. Their timely arrival saved his life; but two were hanged past recovery. With an indignation which words could hardly express, Marion put a stop to this horrid barbarity, threatening to kill the next man who attempted it; and placed a strong guard over the Tory prisoners for their protection. To such a terrible pitch had partisan warfare wrought the animosity of the combatants, that it is scarcely to be wondered that these men, obnoxious and well known as they had been for their cruelty to Whig prisoners, should meet such fearful retribution. It is fearful even to think of the brutalizing effects of civil war.

While Marion was, with Lee, reducing forts Watson and Motte, Sumpter had returned similar accounts of the British posts at Orangeburg and Granby. These losses induced the abandonment of Camden by the British. General Greene, after Lord Rawdon left Camden, proceeded against the post of Seventy-Six, at the village of Cambridge. Marion meanwhile undertook to invest Georgetown, and appeared before that place on the 6th of June. The besieged did not wait to be pushed to extremities, but abandoned the post; retreating first to their galleys and then left the harbour altogether. Ma-

Marion demolished the British works, and removed the stores and public property, a most seasonable capture, to a place of security up the river. Thus was this long-cherished desire of Marion's accomplished; and, as if in honour of the occasion, he treated himself to a suit of regimentals and camp equipage—an indulgence which formed an era in the life of our self-denying partisan.

The abandonment of Seventy-Six by the British was the next important event. Lord Rawdon, with a strong force of new troops, which had just reached Charleston, forced Greene to abandon the siege; and this point of military honour achieved, himself relinquished the post, and fell back with its garrison to Orangeburg. This was a bitter event for the Tories who had rested under the shadow and protection of this post, as they were compelled to abandon their homes, and follow the retreating army. Adverse events now crowded upon the British. They were too strongly posted at Orangeburg to be attacked there; and Greene ordered Marion and his famous compatriots to drive in the enemy from their smaller stations. So effectually was this task performed, that the British rule was for a brief time swept away to the very gates of Charleston. Augusta had been recovered by the Americans under

Pickens and Lee, and the enemy were now becoming daily more and more straitened.

The British had so long considered Charleston as permanently theirs, that they were dismayed to find the Americans seizing the posts almost within hail of the city. Colonel Wade Hampton even dashed within the city lines, and captured the guard and patrol at the Quarter House. Marion and Sumter moved against Colonel Coates, who was posted at Biggin's Creek, one of the streams which empty into Cooper River; and active generalship was put in requisition to defend, on the British side, and on the other to attempt to destroy, the bridge over Watboo Creek, another of the streams which run into the Cooper. Colonel Horry undertook this work on the 16th of July, and had nearly succeeded, having once driven off the guard, when the enemy re-appeared in force, and drove him back. But while the enemy made a feint of preparing for battle, at midnight setting fire to their stores, they moved off silently toward Charleston. Marion's cavalry had now arrived, and the British were overtaken at Quinby Creek. The main body of the army had passed over the bridge, and every preparation was made for its destruction, as soon as the rear guard with the baggage should have passed.

Marion and Lee's cavalry charged upon the guard so furiously, that they surrendered without firing a gun. The Americans rushed on to the bridge. A howitzer was stationed at the other end, and the presence of the British soldiers, who were on the bridge in the work of demolition, alone stayed its fire. A portion of the cavalry dashed over, and secured the gun. But the British were recovering themselves in front; a portion of the American force had halted; the brave fellows who had seized the gun were unsupported, and finding it madness to remain, they abandoned their position. Had the whole American force followed their example, and pushed over the bridge, the British, so crowded were they, must have yielded. Colonel Coates, after destroying the bridge, fell back upon a neighbouring plantation, where he could have the shelter of the buildings, and be secure against the desperate charge of the American cavalry.

Sumter, with the main body of the American army, reached the ground in the afternoon; and that impetuous officer, against the advice of Marion, determined upon an attack on Colonel Coates in his strong position. Unfortunately, in the eagerness of his march, Sumter had left his field-piece behind. The American soldiers behaved with great gal-

iantry,—Marion's brigade particularly, of whom more than fifty were killed or wounded. After an engagement of four hours' duration, the Americans were compelled to cease for want of ammunition; and as tidings were received of the approach of Lord Rawdon, the Americans deemed it prudent to retreat beyond the Santee. Though accomplishing no positive victory in this affair, the American troops did themselves high honour; the South Carolina militia particularly, under command of favourite leaders, behaving like veterans.

It was now midsummer, and for more than a month few operations of any importance took place in the movements of the troops. To this period in the history of the war belongs the account of the execution of Colonel Hayne, which we have given in a preceding chapter. We refer to it now only to say that its occurrence, striking horror to the hearts of the British as well as American officers, put a stop to such proceedings thereafter. The Americans had become something more than rebels, and the tone of the British was becoming more respectful and conciliatory.

This summer was performed one of the most memorable feats of Marion. Several detachments of the American troops were occupied in various

parts of the state, in checking the foraging operations of the British, and in providing supplies for the American army. One of these parties, composed of mounted militia, was upon the Edisto, under command of Colonel Harden. Marion learned that he was closely pressed by a British party of five hundred men, and determined to attempt his relief. With a party of two hundred picked men, our indefatigable partisan stole across the country—passing two of the enemy's lines of communication—a distance of one hundred miles. Before the enemy suspected his approach or presence, he decoyed them into an ambush; they supposing his men were Harden's, of whom they were in pursuit. The British, commanded by Major Frazier, were sadly cut to pieces, and would probably have been completely defeated, but for the failure of ammunition. Colonel Harden thus relieved, Marion returned in safety by the same route; and after his return performed several circuitous and troublesome marches before he was finally posted, in advance of General Greene. All this occupied only about six days. Congress passed a series of resolutions, thanking Marion and his men for the gallant achievement; and by these resolutions we learn that the affair of Parker's Ferry, in which Frazier was so roughly handled, occurred on the 31st of August.

On the 8th of September, 1781, the battle of Eutaw Springs took place—the engagement which effectually crippled the British power in the South. The British were under command of General Stewart, Lord Rawdon having left Charleston. They were strongly posted, and so little apprehensive of an attack, that a party of a hundred men were sent out, unarmed, to gather sweet potatoes on the very line of Greene's advance. Discovering their danger, Stewart despatched a party of cavalry to protect and recall them. Colonel Coffin, who commanded this party, met the American advance, and, mistaking its strength, charged boldly. He was easily repulsed, and the foraging party were all made prisoners.

The Americans also made a mistake. While Coffin had charged, supposing he was attacking a small body, he did it with such confidence that the Americans imagined they were encountered by the British advance, and immediately formed in order of battle. Moving forward steadily, they drove on the British advance parties until the main body, displayed in order, and waiting to receive the Americans, sheltered the fugitives. The American militia went into the engagement with a steadiness and courage which would have done honour to any

soldiers in the world. At length a portion of the troops recoiled, from the heavy fire to which in their position they were peculiarly exposed. The British hurried forward, sure of victory. The advantage of their broken line was seized—the Maryland militia were ordered to charge with the bayonet, and obeyed with a shout. A destructive fire was at the same time poured in, both from the front and on the flank; the enemy broke and fled, and the Americans with shouts of victory pressed forward.

But a party of the British had thrown themselves into a brick dwelling and its offices, whence it was necessary to dislodge them ere the victory was complete; and Major Majoribanks, a British officer of great courage and coolness, still held a whole battalion in reserve in the thick woods on Futaw Creek. He had twice repulsed a charge of the American cavalry under Colonel Washington, and made that officer prisoner. The victorious Americans now rushed forward with such impetuosity that the British had absolutely to close the doors of the house before mentioned upon friends and foes, who were pushing in together. Majoribanks was on the point of being cut to pieces or captured, with his battalion, when an unfortunate circum-

stance reversed the day. The Americans pursued the enemy directly through the abandoned camp. Refreshments were strewed about in abundance, and the hungry victors dallied to enter the tents and partake. The British saw the error, and rallied. The muskets in the house commanded the encampment; and the American soldiers were absolutely entrapped in the enemy's tents. Every head which protruded from under the canvass was the mark for a shower of bullets. Majoribanks now issued from the thicket, and his battalion formed a rallying point. General Greene saw the extent of the disaster, and devoted his energies to bringing off his men. The British retained possession of the field. But the Americans took and retained five hundred prisoners. The loss on the American side was sixty-one officers, killed and wounded, over twenty of whom died upon the field. The returns state a loss of one hundred and fourteen killed, three hundred wounded, and forty missing. The terrible slaughter of officers occurred principally in the British camp, in efforts to bring off the men. The British lost a thousand men, in killed, wounded, and missing. The respective force of each army was nearly the same — about two thousand men; and the advantage in numbers was

probably with the British, who were, moreover chiefly veterans; and wonderfully well, under Majoribanks and Coffin, did they behave. Both sides claimed the victory; and Greene proposed to renew the engagement on the next day. Stewart, however, did not wait for this, but, destroying his stores, and leaving his wounded behind, and **his dead unburied**, commenced a retreat

CHAPTER XV

Position of Affairs at the close of the year 1781—Attempt on Marion's Detachment in his Absence—His unexpected Return, and Repulse of the Enemy—Meeting of the Legislature—Surprise of Marion's Brigade—Defeat of the Loyalists on the Pedee—Defeat of the British under Frazier—Death of Colonel Laurens—Evacuation of Charleston—Conclusion.



THE year 1781 closed with decided advantage to the American cause in South Carolina, as elsewhere. It is true that, after the battle of Eutaw, no very decided or important action took place; but the news of the surrender of Cornwallis put new hope and spirit into the hearts of the American leaders — while it limited the British operations to the defensive. The end was now not dimly visible; and the movements of the enemy were confined to forage and support, and to resistance of the restless and indefatigable manœuvres of the American force, which were constantly circumscribing the British, and at length hemmed them in upon the narrow neck of land

contiguous to Charleston. We have not space to describe all the evolutions by which this blockade was effected; nor to relate the different events which combined to produce an issue so desirable. Yet, in all this state of apparent prosperity, the Americans were in a condition unfit to cope with the enemy. The regiments were thin, the active character of the American volunteers not sympathizing with the duties of an army of observation; and any dashing movement on a large scale was forbidden by the lack of military stores, which now, as at most periods during the war, crippled the enterprise of the commanders. The British forces at the same time were increased by the arrival of reinforcements from abroad, and from other points in America; and their numbers and the loyalists, who had been forced back upon Charleston by the recovery of the state by the Americans, made the position of the British a most strait and uncomfortable one. The British commander was compelled to kill two hundred of his horses, from inability to procure feed for them, so closely was he hemmed in by the vigilance of the Americans. And yet no small portion of this vigilance and activity was displayed as much to prevent the British from discovering the real weakness of their besiegers, as for any other purpose.

Marion held one of the advanced posts; and the British general paid an expressive tribute to the character of his generalship, and the importance of his presence. General Greene had reason to suppose that General Leslie, who was in command of Charleston, meditated a vigorous movement, to break the cordon which so closely shut him in. Greene, wishing the advice of Marion, and the aid of his force, ordered our hero immediately to repair to head-quarters. Now it happened that Greene was deceived respecting Leslie's purposes. He had no intention of the kind that was supposed, being entirely ignorant of Greene's weakness. No sooner were the British advised of Marion's absence from his detachment, than a force was despatched from Charleston to attack it. But Marion, who was always watchful of events, and who, without vanity, was well aware of the consequence which the British attached to his movements, anticipated this design of theirs. Finding that there was no need of his presence in General Greene's camp, he hastened back in season to give the British battle. The attack was made: the encounter was sharp, and the loss on both sides, for a brief skirmish, was severe; but the British, who were sent out with a heavy force to capture a small detachment were forced to be content with driving back

a few head of cattle. Captain Campbell, of the British army, fell in this engagement.

On the 18th of January, 1782, the South Carolina Legislature was summoned by Governor Rutledge to meet at Jacksonburg, almost within striking distance of the British army in Charleston. This position was chosen to assert the recovery of the state, and to show the people the confidence which their leaders possessed in the security of the re-establishment of the government. The army was so posted as to prevent attack, should it be meditated.

The presence of Marion was absolutely necessary in the Legislature, as important measures were before that body, at a juncture so critical. But his absence from his brigade was the occasion of a disaster which had nearly been complete in its destruction. There was an unfortunate difference between colonels Horry and Maham, touching the precedence of rank; and Maham, claiming that his command was separate, removed his corps from the brigade, and encamped at a distance from it. The British, knowing the absence of Marion, and apprised perhaps of the difficulty between those officers, despatched an expedition against the brigade. Marion, who hurried from Jacksonburg to join his brigade, went first to the ground where Maham's

separate command was posted. Here he was deceived by the false intelligence that the British were retreating; and pausing to rest after his hard ride, was in a little while mortified by the intelligence that his brigade had been surprised and dispersed.

Marion instantly put himself at the head of Maham's regiment, and moved rapidly toward the scene of the disaster, to repair the defeat, or arrest it if possible. His active movements and bold attacks had nearly converted the defeat into a victory; but, a sudden panic seizing his men, he lost, what he styles in his despatches, "a glorious opportunity of cutting up the British cavalry." At the very moment of the charge, his horse, instead of attacking the enemy, dashed off into the woods to the right—and the whole regiment followed. Marion even in this desperate case succeeded in rallying his men in a wood, and checking the pursuit of the British. The enemy did not press the victory, but fell back to Charleston. The loss of the Americans in this affair was not very great; the charm of success had, however, been broken, and the reliance of the men on each other was impaired. A great number of the volunteers did not return to their flag. The thinness of the ranks made it expedient to unite both regiments into one; and of

this Maham received the command. Marion would gladly have given it to Horry, but considered the right clearly with the other. Horry resigned his commission, and was appointed by Marion commandant at Georgetown.

We find Marion in the spring of the year 1782 engaged in the suppression of certain Tory movements on the Pedee. British emissaries had incited the loyalists there to insurrection. The sudden appearance of Marion, who presented himself before his approach was suspected, at once checked the movement of the loyalists. Five hundred men at once laid down their arms, and bound themselves to abjure the British crown, and to swear allegiance to the United States, and to South Carolina in particular; to take up arms for the state if it should be required, and in all respects to demean themselves as submissive citizens. Many of them, and among the rest the notorious Colonel Gainey, did afterward serve in the American army. Those who subscribed the conditions of the treaty which had been made between Marion and the loyalists were furnished with written guarantees to that effect; and it is stated that such was the demand for paper, and the insufficiency of the supply, that old letters were torn up, and their blank pages used for this purpose.

Marion exhibited great policy and humanity in this business. Some of the most troublesome and notorious Tories were exempted from the terms of the treaty. One of these, a troublesome freebooter, named Fanning, sent a flag to Marion, begging that his wife and children might be granted a safe conduct to the British lines. Marion's officers were disposed to refuse it; but Marion promptly acceded. "Let the man's wife and property go, and he will follow," said Marion; and the result proved as he had expected.

At this time occurred one of the severest trials of Marion's authority. Among those who came in under the promise of protection was a certain Captain Butler,—celebrated for his ferocious conduct, and obnoxious to many in Marion's company, who had themselves experienced his cruelty, or whose friends had suffered by him. These men were furious against Butler, and determined that no protection should save him. Amid the rumblings of the storm of hate, Marion took the man to his own tent. His enemies threatened to drag him thence, for they said, "to defend such a man was an insult to humanity." Marion declared he would defend him or perish, and at night removed him, under a strong guard, to a place of safety.

The Pedee district being now quiet by the sub-

mission of the Tories, Marion returned to the vicinity of the foreign foe. There was, however, little opportunity now left for the exploits which had distinguished the partisan in the early part of the war. The enemy were no longer active, but were occupied only in such movements as were necessary to secure provisions, and make preparations for evacuating the country. The last encounter which Marion had with the British was at Watboo, on the Cooper River; against which post, supposing him absent, the enemy had despatched a detachment under command of Major Frazier. Unfortunately, Marion's cavalry were absent; and as Frazier, taking an unfrequented route, had captured some of the out-sentinels, the British commander advanced in the belief that he was about to surprise not Marion, indeed, but the force which Marion had left in charge of the post. Our hero's movements were so rapid, that he often astonished the enemy by appearing when least expected.

His officers on this occasion, his cavalry being absent, acted as scouts, to gain intelligence. His post was on a deserted plantation; and his troops were so placed, in the negro houses, and under the shelter of neglected and untrimmed trees, as to be most effective in position, and still concealed. Many of his men were new adherents—Tories who had

aken up arms for their country at the eleventh hour. Suffice it to say that they fought like heroes; for, as we have remarked in a previous chapter, men who had once worn the livery of the king, if taken in arms against him, had no hope of mercy.

The officers, charged upon by the British cavalry, led their pursuers within the reach of the guns of Marion's men; and then saving themselves from the range of the fire, left the British to the effects of a tremendous volley. Before this reception the enemy broke, but soon rallied, and attempted first the right flank of Marion, and then the left. But a second charge was not attempted. The enemy withdrew; and without cavalry Marion could not attempt pursuit, or relinquish the protection of the trees and houses. Thus ended the battles of our hero; for after this he was never in an engagement. This action occurred during the latter part of the month of August, in 1782.

The British commander, as the evacuation of Charleston was now determined on, proposed to General Greene a suspension of hostilities, and desired the privilege of purchasing provisions for his fleet and army. This overture was unwisely declined; and compelled the British to take that by force which they would willingly have acquired by barter. In one of the skirmishes which grew

out of this state of things, the brave Colonel Laurens fell, universally lamented; and the public grief was aggravated by the circumstance that no necessity existed for the exposure of brave spirits to danger and death, at the close of the war, when courage had nothing to gain, and prudence really nothing to lose. Marion never indulged in enterprises by which no advantage was to be secured. After the defeat of Frazier at Watboo, just related, he was urged to attack a British watering party, which had completed its duty, and was just embarking. "My brigade," he answered, "is composed of citizens, enough of whose blood has been shed already. If ordered to attack the enemy, I shall obey; but with my consent not another life shall be lost, though the event should procure me the highest honours of the soldier. Knowing, as we do, that the enemy are on the eve of departure, so far from offering to molest, I would send a party to protect them."

On the 14th of December the British evacuated Charleston—an event for which at some periods of the long war the Americans had hardly dared to hope. Marion soon after took leave of his brigade in a brief address, acknowledging with thanks the services of officers and men, and preserving, in this affecting scene, the same manly simplicity which

had characterized his whole career. Now the volunteers could separate without the danger of a recall. Glorious must have been their exultation—glorious despite the gloomy condition of social life, and the shattered state of fortune, in which the long war had left them. Marion returned to a farm in ruins, and to an exhausted property. Fire and ravage had severely visited his possessions. But, though over fifty years of age, his frame was still elastic, and the support of conscious rectitude sustained his spirits.

He died on the 27th of February, 1795, at the age of sixty-three. The last years of his life had been spent in comparative comfort. He married at a late period in life Mrs. Mary Videau; and it is related of him that, valiant as he was in war, he was not bold enough to aspire to this connexion, until some of his friends, having sounded the lady's wishes better than he in his modesty was capable of doing, indicated to him the probable success of any overture toward matrimony. He left no descendants.

He continued in public life until five years before his death; his name being among the members of the convention which formed the State Constitution in 1790. In 1794 he formally resigned his commission; and the occasion was made to present him a respectful address by the citizens of Georgetown.

The Legislature of his state caused him to be thanked in his place in the Senate in 1783, for his distinguished services; and voted him likewise a gold medal. He held also the post of Commander of Fort Johnson, in Charleston Harbour, for a few years—an office created for him—and resigned upon his marriage. Covered with official honours, and in the entire enjoyment of the love and respect of his fellow-citizens, he died peacefully, with the consciousness upon his mind that he had never intentionally wronged a human being.

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